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The Muezzin's Call.

(Kate W. Hamilton.)

The sunlight fades softly from sea and shore,
The last beams lingering on mosque and tower,
And clear, from a minaret rising afar,
The muezzin's voice calls the evening hour:

'God is great! God is one!
Come to prayer, come to prayer!
Prayer is better than sleep;
Come to prayer!'

Through the long centuries faded and gone,
So dark with their story of sorrow and crime,
This voice of eternity still has rung on
Its message unchanged to the sons of time:

'God is great! God is one!
Come to prayer, come to prayer!
Prayer is better than sleep;
Come to prayer!'

Truth amid error, a light in the gloom,
Faint it reaches us here, in our pilgrim tent,
Like a whisper of faith, of comfort, of rest,
That says to our home-sick hearts 'Be content:

'God is great, God is one,
Whether here or at home;
Still his heaven is near,
Come to prayer.

'His night gently folds the children of earth,
He cares for, and loves, and pities them all.
He knows the blind eyes, the hands raised in the dark,
And the voice of the muezzin sounds his call:

'God is great, God is one,
In all lands, 'neath the sun;
He is ready to hear,
Come to prayer!' —'Forward.'

Saved in a Railway Train.

(Grace Pettman, in the 'Christian.')

It was a dull and cheerless winter morning. I had been up North for a ten days' mission, and was returning to London by train. The work had been done under difficulties. All the week I had been really too ill to conduct the meetings. Worn out and tired, I just longed to be alone, and when my only fellow-passenger got out at Doncaster a great desire filled me to have the carriage to myself the rest of the way to London. But I was disappointed. The train was on the point of starting, when a young railway man in uniform handed his wife —scarcely more than a girl—into the carriage.

The fast-melting snow was flooding the big meadows, and the air was bitterly cold, so I said, 'Wouldn't you like the window shut? It's very raw this morning.'

The girl-wife started. 'Oh, yes, please; I forgot, I wasn't cold. I came away in such a hurry—I only had two hours' notice.'

I closed the window and retreated to my corner, while the young woman leant back and gazed steadily out on the flooded fields; but a glance told that her eyes saw not, and her thoughts were far away. Suddenly an idea struck me, and I said:

'I expect you have had no lunch if you came away so hurriedly; will you accept some of my sandwiches?'

A rush of unshed tears came to the young woman's eyes, as she thanked me gratefully. The ice was now broken, and she told me her story.

'My father is dying—they've just telegraphed for me—I am summoned home to see him die —it's hard, so hard!'

A few words of sympathy brought the ready tears, and they were falling quickly when I ventured a pointed question—tremblingly, it is true: 'And your father; is he ready to die?'

'Oh, yes!' the words came brokenly, 'he is one of the best of men—as good a man as one could meet.' 'But goodness is not enough,' I ventured; 'is he really trusting in the Lord Jesus as his personal Saviour?'

'Yes, he is,' she said, emphatically, 'and he has been a Christian and a preacher of the Gospel for many years.'

'Then you cannot regret his being called, if he is old and full of years; it only means going home to the Lord Jesus in glory, and you will meet him some day again—will you not?'

Another rush of tears, and she burst out: 'Oh, I am not a Christian—I do wish I were! I have wanted to be saved for years, but somehow I could never understand the way!'

'Suppose God has sent you to meet me, in order that from his Word he may show you the way here and now! Are you willing to accept Christ as your Saviour?'

'Yes,' she answered, 'I am—that is exactly what I want.'

Taking out my pocket Bible, I opened it at Isa. i., 18, and asked her to read it—'Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord. though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.' 'There, you see, is the Lord's invitation; are you willing to accept it?'

'Yes, I am!' 'Then let us tell him so!'

The train was rushing on at forty or fifty miles an hour, but there, in the carriage of the

express, we had a little prayer-meeting, and the Lord drew very near. From her lips came a sentence of earnest prayer, as in simple fashion she gave herself to the Lord Jesus, yielding heart and life and soul to him, just as she was, for ever!

Then she read for herself those words in John vi., 37: 'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out,' and I asked:

'You have come here in this railway train, and given yourself to him?' 'Yes, I have.'

'Then has he cast you out?' 'Oh, no. He said he wouldn't.' 'Then what has he done?' 'Why, he's received me!' and the light of sudden joy broke over her face. Then I asked:

'Since he has received you, who has to deal with the question of your sin—you or the Lord Jesus?' 'Why, he has.'

'Yes; see what his Word says about it: "He was wounder for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities.' Whose transgressions was the Lord Jesus wounded for?'

'Mine!'

'Then you are free!' and together we read the verse in the first person, 'He was wounded for "my" transgressions, he was bruised for "my" iniquities—the chastisement of "my" peace was upon him, and with his stripes I am healed!" Then together we thanked and praised him for so great salvation.

The train slowed down at a big junction, and my companion changed to a branch line for her home. But, oh, the change in her face! Despite the fact that she was on the way to her father's dying bed, the light of a holy joy shone in her face, and God had stamped his own peace upon her brow.

A few days later I had a letter from the railway porter's young wife—a sweet little note—full of joy and assurance in God. 'Perhaps,' she said in closing, 'I may never meet you again on earth, but I shall see you in heaven, where I shall be one star in your crown!'

So far we have not met—our paths never crossed again; but through a long eternity we shall praise him who is able to save anyhow and anywhere, even in flying express or dashing railway train!

Temperance Pledge Roll.

Mrs. M. A. Blanchette, of Trenholmville, Que., sends the following names of lads who have signed the 'Messenger' Pledge Roll:—

William Edward Blanchette, Trenholmville, Que.

James Alfred Blanchette, Trenholmville, Que.

George West, Trenholmville, Que.

George Sullivan, Trenholmville, Que.

Fred. Blanchette, Richmond, Que.

The Mid-week Meeting---A Discovery.

(John H. Mason, in the Chicago 'Standard.')

I had been feeling for some time that something might be done for our midweek meeting. It was large, strong, devotional and in many ways satisfactory already. But I wanted to see the attention of my people more concentrated and more sustained on the word of God. Further, I believed that a new emphasis upon the divine word would draw in some who had fallen by the way.

The Epistle to the Ephesians was the scripture chosen for the experiment. The time given to the book extended from September to January. In September a printed slip was distributed in the form of a bookmark, upon which the schedule was laid out. The passage for each week was designated and a topic for each scripture was drawn from the passage.

Every student of the Bible knows that the Epistle to the Ephesians is not easy reading; and further that in this, as in other Pauline epistles, the harder and therefore more discouraging part is at the beginning. I knew that my people were just average men and women. There were few college graduates among them and few who had learned to study or to think in the thorough-going method of to-day. Yet I was not moved to select an easier epistle or one that would lend itself to a more simple analysis. I was convinced that my people were fully equal intellectually to the humble saints at Ephesus to whom Paul primarily wrote. At least, I determined to try them. I suggested that every attendant should read the entire epistle every day, from September to January. That provoked a smile, but some of them thought it worth trying.

The first meeting was not altogether encouraging. Some who had taken my word for it that there were profound depths which were worth plumbing, but which were sure to be missed by the easy gliding average reader, put their minds on it. They worked hard. And they were staggered by that first overwhelming sentence following the salutation. Good Deacon A. admitted that he was altogether in the fog. The scripture had never troubled him like this before. Brother B. was greatly encouraged by the confession of Deacon A., for he had attempted the same deep waters and had lost his footing, too. Sister C. had got more, to be sure; but somehow her search had been unsatisfying. At the close of the meeting the brightest and most thorough Bible student in many countries told me that I had made a large mistake. One might venture the gospel story in that way, but not one of Paul's epistles; least of all the Epistle to the Ephesians.

Of course I went right on. The second meeting was better. The fogs began to clear a little. Some who had read the epistle seven times in the interval began to see streaks of dawn. We were on the second half of the first chapter. A few felt that the eyes of their understanding were beginning to be enlightened and the vision of the glory of their inheritance was beginning to take shape. The people went home with brighter faces.

By the third week the attendance was growing, and some whose faces had become unfamiliar were straggling back. There was a more cheerful and confident tone in this meeting. A few had read the epistle fourteen times now. They were getting fairly excited. They would have agreed with Coleridge had they known that he said, 'This Epistle to the Ephesians is the divinest composition of man.' The thought of God's great love wherewith he loved us was getting a new hearing, and the warm streams of that love were quickening the life. The thought of a new power, yea, even of new life, out of the old dead sterility became real and pregnant. There were more voices in the meeting to-night. Somehow a new spirit seemed to be among us. The words that were spoken were more thoughtful and more meaningful. Those stereotyped phrases which were common last spring seem to be going out of fashion with us.

It is the last week. We have just closed our final meeting. What a meeting it was for the last night of the year. A meeting of experience, gratitude, contrition, confession, consecration. The face of Deacon A. was shining. He had read the book at least three score times. He referred to-night to that first meeting in September and to the darkness in which his spirit struggled. He has not solved all the mysteries, but his heart is flooded with sunshine. And the mysteries do not trouble him. Sister C. has read the book seven times every week between September and January. All God's word (not merely this little fragment) means so much more to her now. God means more. Christ means more. Life means more. The cumulative effect—we had not thought of that.

Do not cheat thy heart, and tell her,
'Grief will pass away;
Hope for fairer times in future,
And forget to-day.'
Tell her, if you will, that sorrow
Need not come in vain;
Tell her that the lesson taught her
Far outweighs the pain.
—Adelaide A. Procter.

Boys and Girls,

Show your teacher, your superintendent or your pastor, the following 'World Wide' list of contents.

Ask him if he thinks your parents would enjoy such a paper.

If he says yes then ask your father or mother if they would like to fill up the blank Coupon at the bottom of this column, and we will send 'World Wide' on trial, free of charge, for one month.

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The Senate and Arbitration—The 'Sun,' New York.
How Not to Make a Treaty—The Boston 'Herald.'
The Dominican Retreat—The 'Independent,' New York; the Boston 'Herald.'
Raising the British Flag in the Arctic—The New York 'Sun.'
Stoessel's Reply to His Critics—The New York 'Times.'
Czar for Land Congress—The Time is now Ripe.—The Springfield 'Republican.'
The Storm Centre of Europe—Dream of a Revival of the Polish Kingdom—The 'World,' New York.
Progress of Man—An Allegory to Arouse the Russian People to Higher Ideals—By Maxim Gorki. Translated by Herman Bernstein, for the New York 'Evening Post.'
Mr. Winston Churchill on Russia: the System at Fault—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
An Historical Event in Austria—Francis Kossuth Received by the Emperor—American Papers.
The Thibet Treaty—English Papers.
Trade Morality—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
President Eliot on Football—The New York 'Evening Post.'

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Eighteenth Century Furniture—By L. March Phillipps, in the 'Speaker,' London.
Guild of Church Musicians—Dean Pigou's Stories—The 'Daily News,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

Midwinter—Stanzas from a Poem by James M. Foley.
The Herald of the Storm—A Symbolic Poem—From the Russian of Maxim Gorki, by H. F., in the "Westminster Gazette.'
From Saint Wolfgang, in the Salzkammergut—The Brooklyn 'Daily Eagle.'
The Doukhobors—Aylmer Maude's Story of Their Development—The New York 'Times' Book Review.'
Form at a Glance—The 'Outlook,' London.
'A Nice Derangement of Epitaphs'—'T. P.'s Weekly,' London.
The Soul's Anchors—Sermon by Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler, in the Brooklyn 'Daily Eagle.'

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Should College Students Study?—The 'Sun,' New York.
High Speed Electric Railways—A Rate of 100 to 125 Miles an Hour—The New York 'Evening Post.'
Tules on the Great Lakes—The 'Engineering News.'
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BOYS AND GIRLS

Tracks in the Snow.

When the moon rides high and the snow is white,
And the air is frosty and chill,
There's many a traveller out at night
A-journeying over the hill;
Where do they come from? whither go?
Making tracks on the midnight snow.

There's a path that leads to the squirrel's house
At the edge of the hemlock clump;
And here is the track of a bold, brown mouse
On his way to a neighboring stump;
Only the prints of their feet to show
They passed this way on the midnight snow.

Here are the marks on the snow-covered rocks
Of rabbit feet, light and swift;
And there is the trail of a sly red fox
Where a partridge hid in the drift;
Many a tragedy comes, I trow,
When the red fox prowls on the midnight snow.

Time and again in the morning light,
When the air is frosty and chill,
I see where a traveller's been by night
A-journeying over the hill;
And I wonder why he happened to go
Out climbing the hill on the midnight snow.
—'Wellspring.'

On Initiation Night.

(James Buckham, in 'Classmate.')

'Say, Chapman, we want one of your father's horses to-night. We're going to run in young Miller, and part of the programme will be a fast ride around Stony Brook Bend with the blind-folded neophyte. He'll think he's being carried into the next county, sure, and will be all confused about locality when we rush him up into the hall. How is it? Can we depend on you to furnish a rig?'

The speaker was one of the initiation committee of the Delta Sigma Society in Melbourne College. Wilbur Chapman was a recent initiate, having been 'run in' to the Delta Sigma Society with the first selection of Freshmen at the close of the fall term. He was exceedingly proud of the honor of having been asked to join Delta Sigma, and was already an enthusiastically devoted 'Delt' man. There was nothing he would not do for the society, if the service lay within his power. Wilbur was the son of the leading physician in the town, and the 'boys' knew that Dr. Chapman's horses were the speediest and best to be had. One of these horses, with a light buggy, would be just the thing for the wild, confusing spin around Stony Brook Bend on the night of the initiation. Consequently, the initiation committee applied to Wilbur in the rather imperative fashion which fraternity men use when asking a favor on behalf of the society.

Wilbur promptly assented. 'I'll be glad to furnish a rig,' he said; 'the best one father has. Where shall I meet you with it, and at what time?'

'Back of the pump-house, at nine-thirty. We'll run Miller down there afoot from Mr. Allen's office, where we shall blindfold him. When we reach you, slip out of the buggy and hold the horse until I motion you to let go. Then we'll be off. Not a word must be spoken, remember.'

'No, not a word,' echoed Wilbur Chapman, solemnly. All this mysterious and ominous preparation was a matter of tremendous importance, it seemed to him. The glory and reputation of Delta Sigma were at stake. Her initiations were supposed to be models of impressiveness and artistic ingenuity. Not a single feature of them must be allowed to fail. He would do his humble part to the best of his ability. And, after all, it was quite a distinction for a newly-initiated freshman to be allowed to furnish a team for the initiators, and be present when the panting, blindfolded and bewildered neophyte was hoisted into it.

Dr. Chapman was late to supper that evening. He had been very busy throughout the week, and on this Saturday night it seemed as if the calls for his service were so numerous that no one man could respond to them all. He glanced over the slate on his arrival with an exclamation of despair. But there was only one thing to do—he must snatch a mouthful of food as hastily as possible and be off again.

Wilbur had purposely postponed his supper that he might eat it with his father. He had a request to make, and a boy naturally likes to have his father in a pleased mood at such a time.

'Father,' he said, when the doctor had finished his first cup of tea and smacked his lips over its quality, 'I want to take Bess and the red-wheeled buggy to-night, if you'll let me. It's Delta Sigma initiation, and we want to use a team.'

'Sorry, my boy,' replied the doctor, 'but I can't oblige you. It's simply impossible, so I won't ask the questions that I otherwise should before letting a horse go for that purpose.'

'But, father,' cried Wilbur, in frank dismay, 'I've promised!'

'That was wrong, and foolish, too,' said his father, quietly. 'You did not know that I could spare a horse for such a frolic, or that I would if I could. You should have told your fraternity friends that you would ask me and let them know.'

A 'frolic!' Wilbur's heart burned within him at such a characterization of the solemn, portentous mystery of a Delta Sigma initiation. He loved and revered his father, but how could a newly-initiated fraternity man stand such a slight as this upon what seemed to him supremely sacred? His cheeks flamed, and he was on the point of making some indignant rejoinder, when the telephone-bell rang sharply, and his father sprang to the instrument. 'Another call—and an emergency!' he groaned, as he turned away. 'Wilbur, have James hitch up Bess immediately. She's the only fresh horse in. I want her in five minutes.'

Wilbur went out to the stable. 'James,' he called to the hostler, 'father wants a horse in five minutes.'

'Which one, sir?' asked James, appearing from his little room in the loft.

It was that question which opened a way for the tempter's swift suggestion into the boy's mind and heart. He did not challenge the sudden temptation; he did not even dally with it. He surrendered on the instant. 'Jes,' he replied.

'But Jess is just in, sir,' protested the hostler. 'She's tired and wet, and hasn't finished her feed. Bess is the only horse that hasn't been out since early morning.'

'I said, Jess, James,' cried the boy, angrily. 'Don't talk back to me. Harness Jess, and have her at the door in five minutes.'

Bess and Jess were a pair of small Morgan mares, so exactly matched in every respect that it would be hard for an ordinary observer to tell them apart. In the shadows of night, which had already gathered, Wilbur knew that his hurried and preoccupied father would not detect at once the substitution of Jess for Bess. He would start off on his evening ride, and then Wilbur would have fresh Bess harnessed, and would take her to the town house-sheds and hitch her there until it was time to drive to the rendezvous. He had promished his father's best rig to the illustrious, the worshipful Delta Sigma Society—and she should have it, even at the expense of his father's duty to the community and his own moral integrity. The boy's head and conscience were both turned by an inconsiderate enthusiasm. He had become like one of the sworn and unscrupulous followers of some Oriental secret order. At the behest of Delta Sigma he could defy and deceive even his own loving, faithful father.

Wilbur carried out the plan which the tempter had suggested to him. Hardly had his father gone when he bade James harness Bess to the red-wheeled buggy. Then he drove the spirited mare to the town house-sheds, hitched her, and remained near by until it was time to drive to the rendezvous. There the proposed programme was carried out to the letter, and Wilbur was left standing alone in the dark as the light buggy bowled away, with two of the initiators, and poor young Miller, clinging to the seat for dear life.

It still lacked two hours of the time for initiation at Delta Sigma Hall, and Wilbur, too restless and conscience-troubled to join his light-hearted companions as yet, strolled down the hill to the railway station. Why he went there he could not say. Perhaps he felt that the mild excitement of the arrival and departure of trains might divert his mind from the anxiety and reproach that were beginning to prey upon it.

He hung around the depot until half-past ten o'clock, and was just about to leave for his Society hall, when the ten o'clock train from the South, belated for some reason, came rolling in. He pressed forward with a few others, to learn what the trouble might be. The conductor and three brakemen came down the steps of the parlor-car carrying a man on an improvised stretcher. A horrible, sickening dread, that, however unreasonable, had seized the boy irresistibly drove Wilbur forward, and the next instant his eyes fell on the pallid face of his father!

'Oh, father! father!' he cried with such bitter anguish that even the bearers of the stretcher made way for him to come closer. 'Oh, say he isn't dead! say that he isn't dead!' he appealed to the conductor.

'No, my boy, he isn't dead,' said the conductor, kindly. 'He fainted when we lifted him on the stretcher. Some ribs broken and an arm—we hope that's all.'

'The train struck him at Downer's crossing. His horse had just fallen on the track from exhaustion.'

Ah! those bitter hours and days that followed! The good doctor's life hung in the balance for weeks. He had suffered internal injuries that were far more dangerous than the broken ribs and arm. But the best medical skill, supplemented by such devoted nursing and tireless watchfulness as Wilbur and his mother gave to the loved sufferer, finally won the day, and the strong man crept slowly back from the verge of death.

When at last he was able to talk of the past, and hear the words which his son could have no peace until he had spoken, the boy knelt by the bed and confessed all, with tears and broken sobs. 'Father,' pleaded he, 'I do not ask you to forgive me yet, but only to bear with me until I have proved myself more worthy to be forgiven. I dare to trust that, by God's grace, I am better for all this. Will you wait a little while, and then forgive me if I am worthy, father?'

The pleading, earnest voice, the pale, sad, careworn face, were eloquent with sincerity. The invalid reached out and took his boy's

hand with a warm lingering pressure. Then he closed his eyes and smiled, as if his heart were satisfied with some sweet conviction.

'I forgive you now, Wilbur,' he murmured: 'I forgive you, and I trust you for all the future. Let us never again mention the matter, my boy.'

Wise Elephants.

Elephants very frequently make use of tools. Sir John Tennent, Romanes, Dampier, and a great many others say that these creatures when passing through the jungle, break the branches from the trees and use them as fans. One day, while observing Jessie, a very intelligent elephant that was on exhibition at the St. Louis fair grounds, I noticed that she was greatly worried and annoyed by the attacks of a swarm of large flies. These insects had settled on her back, where she could not reach them with her proboscis or with her tail. She seemed to study the situation for a few moments; then, reaching out her trunk, she seized a mop-broom, which stood in the corner of her stall, and deliberately brushed off the greedy little blood-suckers with it.

Mr. E. G. Peal states in 'Nature' that he once saw a young elephant deliberately fashion a surgical instrument. He saw the animal in question go to a bamboo fence and break off one of the pickets; this picket it further fractured with its trunk and one of its forefeet until it obtained a sharp fragment some ten or twelve inches in length. Then, leaning forward on one of its forelegs, it thrust this fragment, which it grasped with its trunk, into its 'armpit,' and vigorously moved it to and fro. As a result of this operation, a large elephant leech was dislodged, which dropped to the ground and was at once ground to mince-meat beneath the horny toes of the sagacious brute, which grunted its intense satisfaction.

Jessie, the elephant mentioned above, had some knowledge of pneumatics. One day I tossed a peanut, which fell to the ground some eight or ten inches beyond the utmost reach of her trunk. She stretched out this organ to its fullest extent toward the peanut, then blew through it a sudden, quick and powerful blast. The peanut was hurled against the wall, from whence it bounded and then rolled beneath the feet of the intelligent animal, which at once swallowed it. I tried this experiment several times, each time with a like result.—'Scientific American.'

He Took Care of His Gold Dust

The following story of the value of specks and particles of time may be read with interest not only by our younger readers, but by those of riper years.

'Uncle,' said Tom one day, 'it seems to me your things don't look as well as they might.' They were in the garden, and 'the things' the boy had his eyes on were the currant bushes.

'I don't expect they do,' replied his uncle; 'I'm no great hand at a garden. Well, sir, what can you improve?'

'I can try on the currants,' said Tom. 'They want to be trimmed out and the wood cut off, and the right suckers trained. Don't you never dig round them, and put ashes on the roots?'

His uncle had never done these things; did not know that they ought to be done. He thought, he said, 'currants took care of themselves.'

'But they can be cared for,' said Tom, 'and do all the better.'

'Suppose you try, boy,' said his uncle.

His uncle did not believe much would come of it, but he had reason to change his mind. Much did come of it. All at once, it seemed to him—for time goes fast to an old man, his bushes were loaded with fruit, fine large currants, such as his garden had not seen for many a day, if ever before. People, when they walked into the garden, exclaimed, 'What splendid currants you have!'

'That boy knows how to take care of his gold-dust,' said his uncle to himself, and sometimes aloud.'

Tom went to college, and every account they heard of him he was going ahead, laying a solid foundation for the future.

'Certainly,' said his uncle, 'certainly. That boy, I tell you, knows how to take care of his gold-dust.'

'Gold-dust!' Where did he get gold-dust? He was a poor boy. He had not been to California. He never was a miner. Where did he get gold-dust? Ah! he has seconds and minutes, and these are the gold-dust of time—specks and particles of time, which boys and girls and grown-up people are apt to waste and throw away. Tom knew their value. His father, or minister, had taught him that every speck and particle of time was worth its own weight in gold; and his son took care of them as if they were. He never spent them foolishly, but only in good bargains; 'for value received' was stamped on all he passed away. Take care of your gold-dust.

A very busy man, who had very little time for reading or study, was asked by a friend how it happened that he knew so much more than other people. 'Oh,' said he, 'I never had time to lay in a regular stock of learning, so I save all the bits that come in my way, and they count up in the course of a year.'

One will oftentimes observe a real intelligent boy, who is always on the look-out to learn what he can. While waiting in a newspaper office for a package, he will notice how a mailing machine is made to do its work, and if he is sent to the florist he will be able to tell you many things which he noticed there. In these and a hundred other ways, such lads are educating themselves.

The same rule of 'little by little' is equally true in the accumulation of a fortune. Rome was built of single bricks, piled up one by one. The little coral insect seems too small and weak to accomplish much, and yet it labors on, and at last rears those great reefs which serve as breakwaters against the mighty ocean.

Not only are all good things secured to us 'little by little,' but people accomplish their ruin in the same way. It is by small concessions to evil, and slight indulgences, that the final destruction of life is accomplished. The child who steals lumps of sugar and apples will go on to steal bigger things.

In one of Gulliver's tales of his fabulous travels, he tells us of being pinned down to the earth by pygmies no bigger than his thumb. But they came upon him by thousands. They bound him finger by finger with tiny ropes no thicker than a hair. Each one he could have broken in an instant, but altogether they bound him as fast as if he were tied with cables, and fettered with iron.

In a Carolina forest of a thousand acres you can scarcely find a tree that is not dead and crumbling to decay. No fire has swept over it, no lightning scathed those naked, bleaching pines. This ruin was wrought by a little insect's larvae, no larger than grains of rice. What a hundred axe-men could not accomplish by years of hard labor, this seemingly insignificant insect sent its feeble offspring to perform. One alone could have little power, it is true. But millions were marshalled, and all the skill of man could not stay their course.

Such is the power of little sins. By performing the same act over, for even two or three times in succession, the habit is formed, from the dominion of which it is hard to deliver one's self again.

'Little by little,' an acorn said,
As it slowly sank in its mossy bed:
'I am improving every day,
Hidden deep in the earth away.'
Little by little each day it grew,
Little by little it sipped the dew;
Downward it sent out a thread-like root;
Up in the air sprang a tiny shoot.
Day after day, and year after year,
Little by little the leaves appear;
And the slender branches spread far and wide,
Till the mighty oak is the forest's pride.

'Little by little,' said a thoughtful boy,
'Moment by moment, I'll well employ,
Learning a little every day,
And not spending all my time in play.
And still this rule in my mind shall dwell:
"Whatever I do, I'll do it well."
Little by little I'll learn to know
The treasured wisdom of long ago;
And one of these days perhaps we'll see
That the world will be the better for me.'
And do you not think that this simple plan
Made him a wise and useful man?

—'Christian Globe.'

A Thoughtful Son.

A lady recently visiting a friend was surprised, at about eight in the evening, to see the gentleman of the house put on his overcoat, hat, and gloves, and go out into the storm. To her surprised inquiry, the gentleman's wife replied: 'Henry's mother lives two blocks down the street. He has gone now to bid her good-night. Not once has he missed this in all the years he has been away from the old home, only when out of the city, and then he always writes. Mother is growing old and feeble, and while she forgets a great many things, she never forgets the hour of Henry's coming to say good-night.'—'Morning Star.'

The Church That Mr. Peck Built.

(Annie A. Preston, in 'Christian Intelligencer.')

It wasn't built of stone or brick or even of wood, it didn't stand on a city square nor a village green. You may fancy it was a big white tent spreading itself on the sands near the ocean, but you would be wrong.

Mr. Peck's church was made of seal skins stretched over whale bone and was situated away up in the polar regions where there is not a tree or shrub to be seen, where icebergs are near, where the weather is severe and very trying. The most northerly place, indeed, where the Church Missionary Society have planted their flag, so you will understand at once that Mr. Peck is a missionary and that he has suited his church to his environment and the length of his society's purse.

A friend of Mr. Peck's at a missionary convention, told this interesting incident. 'One winter's night a pack of dogs ravenous with hunger made a raid upon the church and sought to devour it.

Mr. Peck and his assistant Mr. Parker were asleep, when they were suddenly aroused by the wild yelling and howling of the dogs and by the rattle of the skins, for the wild creatures had climbed upon the roof of the "skin church," as it was called, and were tearing the tent-like structure to pieces. They thought a cyclone had come down upon them.

'The two men slipped on their fur garments in a hurry and rushed out into the biting cold to find in the dim light they were in a world of dogs. It was a strange experience; there must have been more than a hundred of them. Many were on the roof, some had fallen right

through, they were all gnawing, tearing, biting, eating the seal skin and each other. Such a bedlam of dogs, old, young, large, small, and all together, nearly starved, one seldom sees. The Eskimos hearing the racket came and lent their assistance in putting up the holes in the dear little church with pieces of old canvas. In temperate countries seal skin caps and muffs even are quite a luxury. So we see that locality makes a world of difference.'

Cat's Cradle.

'It's criss-cross high, and it's criss-cross flat;
Then four straight lines for the pussy-cat;
Then criss-cross under; now there'll be
A nice deep cradle, dear Grandpa! See!

'Now change again, and it's flat once more—
A lattice-window! But where's the door?
Why, change once more, and holding it so,
We can have a very good door, you know.

'Now over, now under, now pull it tight;
See-saw, Grandpa!—exactly right!'
So prattled the little one, Grandfather's pet,
As deftly she wrought. 'See, now it's a net!

'But where did you learn cat's cradle so well?'
She suddenly asked; and he could not tell.
He could not tell, for his heart was sore,
As he gravely said, 'I have played it before.'

What could the sweet little maiden know
Of beautiful summers long ago?
Of the merry sports, and the games he played,
When 'Mamma' herself was a little maid?

What could she know of the thoughts that ran
Through the weary brain of the world-worn man?
But she knew, when she kissed him, dear Grandpa smiled,
And that was enough for the happy child.
—'St. Nicholas.'

The Yak.

One of the most remarkable, as well as the most useful, of the animals of Thibet, is the yak, or grunting ox. It is especially remarkable for the ease with which it can be domesticated, and for its docility. It is kept not only for its milk and its flesh, but it is also the principal beast of burden.

It is one of the largest of the ox family, standing five or six feet high at the shoulders, and it is covered with long hair that hangs from the lower part of its body, almost touching the ground. The tail is large and bushy, quite unlike the fly snapper usually carried by the bovine race. Like the musk-ox, it has beneath the long hair a very fine kind of wool, and both hair and wool are needed in the inhospitable highlands in which he dwells.

The domestic yak is used as a beast of burden. He will climb the almost impassable mountain paths with a heavy load, patient, but protesting with many grunts.

He loves the region of the snow line, so in the summer the herdsmen, principally women, drive the domestic yaks up where the snowdrifts are still found in sheltered spots; and in winter the wild yaks venture down from the highlands to the valleys.

The Thibetans are not hunters, and so the wild yaks are not often disturbed, but Europeans who have hunted them describe the sport as a dangerous one, not only because the chase leads the hunter along very dangerous paths, but because the quarry is savage and fearless. —Exchange.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is March, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

Making of an Opportunity.

(Isabel Graham Bush, in the 'Wellspring.')

'Dear me! if I could only think of something to rhyme with "way" that would make some sense!' And Ruth Little's gaze wandered to the range of hills lighted by the glow of the fast-declining sun as she mentally ran the gamut—may, say, day, fay—

'Ruth!' called a weak voice. The young girl cast a rueful glance at the unfinished stanza, then thrusting paper and pencil into the pocket of her gingham apron, reluctantly rose from her seat on the doorstep and entered the house.

A thin, sickly-looking woman was seated in a straight-backed rocker by the window. She turned with a plaintive querulousness.

'You've forgotten all about the milk, child. I'm afraid you'll be ketched in the dark.' Ruth took her sunbonnet from its nail on the kitchen wall.

'Where's the money, mother? We're all out of tickets.' A long-drawn sigh preceded the answer.

'Well, you'll find a quarter in the green dish on my bureau. What we're ever goin' to do when that's gone I'm sure I don't know, an' your father so poorly, too.' The woman settled back in the chair and closed her eyes with the air of one who has reached the limitations of speech.

Through the well-kept garden at the back of the house, the girl struck across a clover field, newly mown, whose farther boundaries were outlined by a stately, slow-moving river that gleamed and glistened between its hedges of oak and willow like a polished mirror. A narrow footpath followed its sinuous course for some distance, under wide-arching branches.

As the girl entered it, her face lighted as though it caught the reflection of sky and river. With shaded eyes she watched the slow swirl of the waters round the bend.

'The winding way the serpent takes
The mystic water took—'

she quoted dreamily.

Slowly, with unwilling feet, Ruth moved along, thirstily drinking in the beauty round her, unheedful of the gathering shadows and her mother's admonition.

As she entered the lane leading to the milk house of the dairy farm, the glow of the west had faded, leaving in its place a dull gray. The girl paused for a moment, then dropping upon one knee, drew the paper from her pocket and, smoothing it carefully, scrawled hastily the missing line.

'There!' was the triumphant exclamation, 'I have it!' and she read aloud in soft, musical tones.

'"The sun sank slowly down to rest,
Leaving its glory in the west,
Like smoldering fires to fade away,
Till nought is left but the ashes gray."

'What do you think of that, sir?' she inquired of a blue jay eyeing her expectantly from the trunk of a tree. 'That's a hundred percent better than Rhena Harbour writes, and she gets hers printed in the papers. I know I could do something if I only had a chance like other girls, and didn't have to be interrupted every other minute. But there doesn't seem to be a bit of use in trying.' A sudden whirr of wings; her listener had departed, evidently not in sympathy with his auditor's remarks.

Ruth sprang up, a realization of the gathering dusk dawning upon her. She reached the milk house breathless.

'I wuz jest beginnin' to think you wuzn't comin',' said the farmer's wife as she bustled about, superintending the disposal of the contents of a row of shining pails heaped with white foam. 'Jest set down a minnit, will ye, if ye don't mind waitin'. I'm dretful busy!'

Mrs. Parks' active tongue kept pace with her quick movements as she made friendly inquiries about the home folks.

'Dear suz! you don't say! your father is losin' his health? An' your mother allays wuz sort o' weakly. It's turrible hard, but then,' with a sharp glance at Ruth, 'you're young an' strong.' The girl colored and moved uneasily in her chair.

'I was mightily pleased to hear about Polly Minges. I didn't know she had so much snap about her—'

'What has she done, Mrs. Parks? I haven't heard,' ventured Ruth, interrupting.

'You haven't!' ejaculated that lady, delighted at the thought of being the purveyor of a fresh bit of gossip. 'Why, Polly's gone to Quincy to learn dressmakin'. She's goin' to stay with her cousin's folks an' kinder help 'em out to pay for her board. Help's scurse down there, an' they're reel glad to take her in. Polly reckoned it wouldn't take more'n three months to learn the trade, 'cause she's allus been pretty handy with her needle; then she's comin' back here to sew round. I've engaged her for two weeks a'ready—six shillin' a day an' board. My! her mother'll jest be in clover.'

Although having a decided relish for gossip, Mrs. Parks was a woman of the best intentions, and she did not propose to let slip this opportunity of impressing a valuable lesson on the mind of that dreamy, heedless Ruth Little.

'I wuz a-tellin' Polly,' she pursued, with her back to her listener, that her words might be the more effective, 'thet these folks thet are settin' round thinkin' what smart things they'd do if they had a chance, is losin' the nicest part of their lives. Some people hez opportunities already made fer 'em, when they comes into this world, but the most uv us hez to make 'em for ourselves ef we hev eny, an' as I sez to Polly, ef a body's smartness is of eny 'count it's bound to be heard from, an' bein' poor an' not havin' things ain't a-goin' to keep it down eny more than a-coverin' my emplyin's is a-goin' to keep 'em in the pan when they're ready to bubble over. Well, Ruth,' Mrs. Parks again resumed her business tone of voice, 'it's time you wuz goin'. Sorry I had to keep ye so long.' She put into Ruth's hands the pail of milk and a covered basket. 'I thought mebbe your mother would relish a taste of my new cheese,' she said to the girl, not mentioning the generous roll of butter enveloped in a snowy cloth at the bottom.

It was nearly dark as Ruth retraced her steps along the river bank. An early moon was rising—a crescent of silver—with a train of fleecy clouds in following, like white-clad courtiers. The river was singing a low 'Hush, hush,' to the birds in the branches above and the flowers that nodded at its brim.

But the quiet beauty of the evening could not calm the tumult that was gradually rising in the girl's breast. The words of the farmer's wife pricked her conscience like the sting of a wasp. Was it true, if she had the talents of which she had so often boasted to herself, she could succeed in spite of poverty? That while she was idly waiting for the improbable to happen she was letting slip from her hands opportunities that would eventually bring her what she thought she so much longed for?

That night, upon her pillow, Ruth restlessly asked herself these questions: Did she real-

ly possess such a desire for an education that she was willing to do any honest work to secure it? And was it possible that that ordinary Polly Minges, whom she considered greatly her mental inferior, could teach her a lesson?

The next morning she was slowly finishing the breakfast dishes in a decidedly unsettled state of mind. Through the kitchen window floated, in cheery, hearty tones, a bit of neighborly gossip that was taking place as her father laboriously extracted the weeds from a bed of young beets.

'Yes, it's queer that so many young men would rather go to war then to learn a good trade at home, where they kin die peaceful like when their time comes. Lem says he's clear discouraged, and 'if he could git a girl that hez some snap, an' is reliable, he'd give her a good chance. But young folks isn't what they used to be when we wuz young, Mr. Little!' Mrs. Peterson pushed her sunbonnet back from a round, perspiring face and leaned two plump elbows on the ledge of the picket fence.

Ruth started. She knew that 'Lem' was Mr. Lemuel Peterson, a prosperous grocer in Clinton. Here was an opportunity within her reach that with faithfulness and perseverance would be the means of making other opportunities—the lightening of her parents' cares, certainly, and—perhaps—an education. For the first time she realized that the success of her future largely depended upon Ruth Little.

The dishes were put away with unwonted haste, the floor carefully brushed, and, with a sudden determination that surprised herself, Ruth sought her mother. 'Why, yes,' said the surprised woman, reluctantly, 'of course we could git along—jest your father an' me—the work ain't anything, but I'd hate to hev ye try it an' fail—Lem's a regular hustler, an' you know you ain't no hand at thet if you can write pretty fair po'try.'

Again the girl's face flushed. Even her own mother shared in the general lack of faith in her ability. 'I'll not fail, mother!' she exclaimed, with compressed lips; 'just try me and see!'

'So you think you'd like to try city life for a while,' said Mr. Lemuel Peterson, as his keen eyes studied the fresh young face before him. 'It ain't a big enough place to get lost in, but all the same it isn't much like the country. Well, what do you think you can do here to make yourself useful?' the gentleman asked after a moment's thought.

'I can do what you tell me and do it the very best I know how,' the girl answered, unhesitatingly. There was a sly twinkle in Mr. Peterson's eyes.

'H'm! pretty good! Well, just suppose you try your hand at my office. Tom imagines he takes care of it—the little wretch—but you can see for yourself,' and with a few directions regarding the litter upon his desk, he left the store.

'How's the new clerk coming on, Simpkins?' he inquired upon his return two hours later.

'I guess she's all right,' grinned the man, opening the office door, 'but you can see for yourself, sir.'

'Looks like it,' said the proprietor, glancing round at the room re-swept, dusted, and put in perfect order.

On Saturday night, Ruth was engaged at four dollars a week and given a room in the house of her employer, where she could have the privilege of boarding herself.

Two years passed, years that wrought great changes in the life of Ruth Little. Her faithfulness was attested by a steady increase of salary and many favors shown her by the Peterson household. Encouraged by their daughter's success and substantial aid, her parents had regained a comfortable measure of health and an unwonted cheerfulness.

To be sure, Ruth's favorite occupation of verse-making had been entirely neglected, but at Mrs. Peterson's suggestion she had found time for the careful perusal of a number of helpful books. The longing for an education grew more intense as she read, and each week a small sum, dedicated to that object, was placed in the bank, the result of close economy.

One busy morning Mr. Peterson did not make his appearance, to the wonderment of his assistants, who had always been set an example in punctuality by their employer. An hour later, a boy appeared with a message from the house. The jovial, kind-hearted man had suddenly, without a moment's warning, been called away.

The store was not re-opened; the stock being purchased, shortly after, by a western firm. Ruth was without a place. She applied at the different stores, but received no encouragement. 'It was late in the season and times were dull.'

'Must I go home?' she asked herself, dejectedly, one rainy day as she was returning to her room, tired and discouraged. 'There's no way for me to earn anything there, and I can't afford to be idle. I'll not give up yet!' she announced with decision, and turned the corner with such energy that she ran against a man who was vainly trying to dodge her.

'Why, Miss Ruth, it was you?' cried a dapper little German, breathlessly. Ruth apologized. Mr. Hofstetter had been a good customer of hers in the old days. She had always listened pleasantly to the exploits of his favorite canary when the other clerks ignored him. He declared that no one could mix the bird seed so exactly to the taste of Prince Yellow as the 'madchen.'

'Going home!' he echoed, as in answer to his friendly inquiries Ruth poured out her troubles.

'But it is not so bad as it might be,' he said, deliberating a moment. 'You're honest and handy, and have very good sense—you come to my store, you learn the busisess very quick, and I pay you all the same Mr. Peterson pay.' The girl's head grew dizzy. It had come; another opportunity; the result of her efforts to please! It proved a valuable lessor that Ruth never forgot. She entered into her new work with renewed enthusiasm.

It was a toy store with a fine line of imported wares.

'It makes me think of the old home, Jacob,' said gentle Mrs. Hofstetter, as the two were admiring the shelves of tastefully-arranged china, the evening after Ruth's arrival. 'That's just the way mother placed her dishes. I'd like to see the child, husband; she must be a neat little housewife,' and the lady surveyed complacently the new order of things.

'Ah!' said her husband, beaming with satisfaction, 'she is not like that light-headed Izzy, she trifles not, she is all—sensible; she is a treasure!'

At Christmas time, Mr. Hofstetter, to his great disgust, was confined to the house by rheumatism. But so complete was his confidence in Ruth's ability that the entire management of the store was put into her hands. She was not unfaithful to the trust. At odd moments she studied window-decorating and evolved original designs for the display of the goods. The other clerks became imbued with her enthusiasm.

Never had the store assumed such a holiday aspect, never had the lights twinkled in such a fairyland as the fir-trimmed windows revealed.

'I never have in all my life so great a sale!' exclaimed the delighted little German, as upon his return to the store he viewed his bank book with great astonishment.

Later Ruth was astounded by the following proposition:—

'You stay with me, my health very bad, and when I goes out,' with a wave of the hand, 'I furnishes the money—what you calls the silent partner, hey? and you does the managin' an' gets half.' It was several minutes before Ruth could fully comprehend Mr. Hofstetter's meaning, and it took a much longer time to make the old gentleman understand that, while she was indeed very grateful for the confidence he reposed in her, she could not give up the thought of some day being able to secure an education.

Ruth has now reached her senior year at a western college. Sometimes her thoughts again shape themselves to rhyme, but with a grace and beauty lacking in earlier years. Bright, helpful stories, born of her own varied experiences, stimulate and encourage those who like herself are making their own opportunities. And in their hearty reception she has solved the problem of her life-work.

Snowballing Among Roses.

Although California is the land of flowers, to which snowballing, except in the mountains, generally is forbidden, exceptions to the rule may be compelled. Such an exception during the winter, or rainy season, was once witnessed in San Jose. One of the stage-drivers to and from Mount Hamilton, brought from there a barrel carefully packed with snow, and presented it to the pupils of the Grant School in the Garden City. Then the fun began. Most of the children had not seen snow before except on the distant mountain summits. They wanted to snow ball; but they didn't know how, and they approached the problem tentatively. And—here is the crowning absurdity of the situation—some of the teachers didn't know how to teach them.

Although they were adults, never before had they come in contact with snow. Some of the little chaps, after cautious investigation, declared that the strange white stuff burned their fingers, it was so hot; and others, who had read or been told about it, feared that their hands would be frozen by the first contact with it. The experimental stage soon was past, however, and then the fun was fast and furious. It was such ecstasy as Eastern children know, with the zest of novelty added to it. For a brief time school traditions and proprieties maintained between teachers and pupils, were thrown to the winds, and there was none so high or so low that a snowball might not batter him when least expected.

The white missiles whizzed through bushes laden with roses or clipped the stately calla lilies from their stems as a knife might have done. It was a touch of winter introduced into a garden of bloom and beauty; and, ah! but the boys, big and little, enjoyed it. For all of which some sort of reverence might be done to the Mount Hamilton stage-driver—he had not forgotten that he was once a boy.—'Sunset Magazine.'

Pictorial Testament Premium

A very handsome Pictorial New Testament, just published, with chromographs and engravings from special drawings made in Bible lands by special artists, J. C. Clark and the late H. A. Harper. The book is neatly bound in leather, round corners, gilt edge, well printed on fine thin paper, making a handsome book. The colored plates contained in this edition are particularly fine.

Any subscriber to the 'Messenger' can secure this book by sending four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40 cents each, or six renewal subscriptions at forty cents each.

A Canadian Flag Over Every Schoolhouse in Canada

Not flag worship, but strong, steadfast love for our Canadian Flag, and good, honest pride in it and what it represents, is what those who have the country's welfare at heart would like to see in every school in our fair Dominion. A flood of alien peoples will pour into our country with the springtide. Already, indeed, we have many thousands to whom Canada has been a city of refuge. It may well seem so, for here they are free to work, free to think, free to worship. But they are still, for a time, lost people, having lost their homeland, which, however barren, however governed, was still the land of their fathers; and there is a sore place in their hearts which only disappears as they and their children learn to love and understand the land and laws we give them.

To children and to men of childlike mind an object lesson is easier to grasp than an abstraction.

To the teacher who is trying to give to our own Canadian-born children an understanding love of their country, the flag is a very real help, and, with the emblems of this wonderful Dominion joined to those which represent Britain's glorious past and present, an object-lesson may be given which will make a lasting impression on the child's mind.

To the British-born, the Canadian flag links together the homeland with its beloved memories and the new fair land with its bright prospects.

To those who have left states well governed, but where a crowded population makes land dear and competition exacting, the Canadian flag speaks of equal freedom and good government, and also of cheap lands and the enormous wealth of undeveloped resources.

To those who come from countries where corrupt governments have made them despair of ever holding themselves erect as men, the Canadian flag tells its tale of British freedom, hardly but surely won in long years of struggle, and of a new land where nothing is impossible to any who 'will to be and to do.'

Now, with a flag so full of meaning, so capable of stirring fine emotions, is it right that our children should grow up in ignorance of it? Ask any class of children to draw the Canadian ensign for you, and see how many can show you what it is like. Ask the same class to draw a United States flag, and you will find that they will do it fairly well, though possibly puzzled a little as to the number of stars.

That there is a real desire on the part of many patriotic teachers for an opportunity to encourage a knowledge of the flag and love and pride in its traditions is proved by the many requests which have come to the publishers of the Montreal 'Witness' for some scheme by which either teachers or pupils might earn a flag. 'It is almost impossible,' they say, 'to spare money from the school funds for such a purpose, for with every year there come new demands on the treasury for improvements in the school building or equipment. Will you not give flags as prizes for essays on Canadian history or for a story or something of that sort, so that we may have a chance at least to compete for a prize which would give us a good flag—not a little cotton thing, but a really good large ensign?'

After long consideration, and much consultation with those interested, the publishers of the 'Witness' decided that, rather than offer a few flags which could only be awarded one or two schools at best, they would arrange to place a flag within the reach of every school, small or large, throughout the country.

The publishers of the 'Witness' have always had a desire to see the national flag in the schools, and, as the present year marks their Diamond Jubilee, this flag offer is one of the ways they have chosen of celebrating it.

They have arranged with one of the largest firms in Great Britain to import a supply of fine Canadian ensigns of a quality which they can guarantee, in different sizes, from two yards long and upwards. By so importing the flags direct from the manufacturer in large quantities they are able to offer them as premiums at rates which make every school gaining one a foregone conclusion.

Each school can have a flag, big or little, the smallest two yards long, according as it is able to gather and send to the publishers, twelve dollars, nine dollars, or six dollars, as subscriptions to the publications named in the advertisement at the rates announced.

THE 'WITNESS' FLAG OFFER.

	Per Year.	
DAILY WITNESS	$3.00	Latest News, Market and Stock Reports, Literary Review, Good Stories, Home Dept., Boys' Page, Queries on all Subjects, etc., etc. A clean business and home newspaper.
WEEKLY WITNESS	$1.00	Weekly edition of above, news condensed, more space given to farming interests.
WORLD WIDE	$1.50	A weekly reprint of all the best things in British and American papers. An up-to-date eclectic.
NORTHERN MESSENGER	.40	The best value of its kind in the market. An illustrated weekly. Sunday reading for the home.

NAVAL FLAGS, sewn bunting, standard quality and pattern, to be given as SPECIAL PREMIUMS for bona-fide NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS at regular rates. Only by specially importing them can we offer them on the following liberal terms:

For	$12.00	in subscriptions, at above rates, we give		3-yard Flag,		retail value,	$7 00	to	$9.00.
"	9.00	"	"	"	2½	"	"	5.00	"	5.50.
"	6.00	"	"	"	2	"	"	3.75	"	4.50.

This offer is no money making scheme for us. What we want is to stimulate patriotic sentiment. We want our boys and girls to grow up loyal to our country and its flag.

Special terms quoted for larger flags on application.

If your school does not need another flag, we will give instead patriotic books for your library. Write for particulars.

This offer is made specially for schools, public or private, but clubs, societies or communities are free to take advantage of it. Assist us by making this widely known. Good until next Dominion Day, July 1, 1905.

FOR SAMPLES, ETC., ADDRESS "FLAG DEPARTMENT," JOHN DOUGALL & SON, MONTREAL

DO IT NOW AND BE READY FOR EMPIRE DAY.

For the 'Messenger.'

PHILIP LET TEDDY WORK ON ALONE.

Teddy's Reward.

Down on his knees in the garden, among the growing turnips and carrots and beets, was little Teddy, busily pulling up the weeds that were doing their best to choke out the young vegetables. He had come with Aunt Nell to spend the summer at Grandpa's, and one of his delights was to watch big Cousin Philip weed the garden. He was very proud when Philip taught him which were weeds and which were not, and soon he became quite a help in keeping the garden beds neat and clean.

But Philip was not fond of his work, and often let little Teddy work on alone while he sat on a box against the shed and read a story paper. One afternoon, Aunt Nell, seeing Teddy looked rather sad as well as very hot and tired, asked him what he had been doing all morning.

'Helping Cousin Philip weed, Aunt Nell,' said Teddy. 'It was hard work and he never said "Thank you" a bit.' That was the hardest part of it for the kind hearted little chap, and his lip quivered, though he was too much of a man to cry.

'Cheer up, little lad,' said Auntie, 'Cousin Philip was glad of your help, I am sure, even though he did forget to thank you. It is nice to be kind even when you are not thanked, isn't it? Come, let us go on the lake for some water lilies.'

Next day Aunt Nell saw such a happy looking little boy running here and there, playing by himself, or helping someone whenever he could, that she called Teddy to her.

'What makes you so glad, Teddy boy? she said. Has Cousin Philip thanked you?'

'No, Auntie, Cousin Philip has'nt thanked me,' said Teddy, 'but I feel so glad in my heart that I helped him anyway. I have been wondering what it was made me feel so glad, but now I know, Aunt Nell, it's God's "Thank you."'

Kittie's Impolite Visitor.

Kittie was very lonely. The two little girls that she liked best to play with had gone away together to spend the entire afternoon, and there were no other little girls living in her block. Her mother had a headache and was lying down, and Molly, the cook, was scrubbing the kitchen floor—and was cross, besides—so there was really no one but a fat, buzzing bumble-bee for Kittie to invite to her party. The bee looked so very much like the one that had stung her little inquisitive nose the day she had poked it into its hiding-place in a great scarlet tulip that she considered him far worse than no guest at all, and was glad when he left the garden.

'O dear,' said Kittie, who was sitting on the doorstep, with a saucer of ripe huckleberries, a slice of bread and a cup of water beside her, 'I do wish somebody would happen in! There isn't a bit of fun in having a tea-party all alone. Why! What's that?'

Kittie's blue eyes got rounder and rounder, and for a moment she was almost as frightened as she was surprised, for such a strange visitor was coming in at the gate—and walking with slow, careful steps straight toward Kittie's saucer of huckleberries.

The visitor stopped about three feet away from Kittie, and turning his black head from side to side, looked at her as if he were wondering if it would be safe to get any closer. Kittie dropped a large black-berry on the stone near her feet. The visitor, still keeping a watchful eye on Kittie, hopped sideways, stretched his neck as far as possible, made a sudden dive for the berry and darted back to the gate.

'I think you must be somebody's tame crow, said Kittie, holding out another berry. 'It was very nice of you to come to my party. Come, this berry is for you. Don't be afraid.'

The visitor, still a little doubtful about his new friend, hopped slowly closer, snatched the berry from the little girl's fingers, and then jumped backward out of Kittie's reach. Kittie wanted to laugh because he was such a funny visitor and had such queer tea-party manners; but she was a polite little maid and did not want to hurt his feelings. He looked so wise that she was sure he would not like to be laughed at.

Presently the crow made up his mind that Kittie was a safe person to visit, and he was soon standing quietly on the step beside her, eating berries out of the little box

cover that Kittie gave him for a plate. He liked the bread and butter, too, and Kittie gave him the larger half. When that was gone he looked longingly at the cup of water. There was only one cup, and Kittie did not quite see how she was to divide the water into two equal portions; but the crow was not at all troubled about the matter. Without waiting to be invited, he hopped to the cup, drank all he wanted, and then—Oh, I'm sure you cannot guess what he did then. He stood on one foot, and with the other carefully tipped the cup over sidewise and spilled the rest of the water, so that Kittie had to move away to a drier spot.

But that was not all he did. He picked that bright new tin cup right up by the handle and tried to fly away with it. He meant, without doubt, to take it home with him, but it was too heavy.

When he reached the gate he changed his mind about it. He glanced at Kittie to see if she was looking, and then, quick as a flash, down he flew with the cup, and hid it behind a bushy red geranium in the bed near the gate.

'Caw! caw!' he said, as he flew out of the gate and up over the housetops. 'Caw! caw! caw!'

'I s'pose you're saying "Good-bye! I've had a nice time at your party,"' said Kittie, 'but I think you're a pretty funny visitor to eat all the refreshments and then try to carry off the dishes. If little girls did that, I don't believe folks would invite them very often; but you're just a bird, and p'r'aps you wouldn't like my tea-party manners any better if I went to visit you. Anyway, I'm ever so glad you came and hope you will come again!'—'Youth's Companion.'

NORTHERN MESSENGER PREMIUMS

A reliable and handsome Fountain Pen, usually sold at $2.00, manufactured by Sandford & Bennett, New York, given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of five new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40 cents each.

The People's Horse, Cattle, Sheep and Swine Doctor. This book gives a description of the diseases of the Horse, Cattle, Sheep and Swine, with exact doses of medicine. Usually sold at $1.00, will be given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger, at 40 cents each.

BAGSTER'S MINION BIBLE, suitable for Church, Sabbath School or Day School. Each boy and girl reader of the 'Messenger' should possess one. Given for three new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at forty cents each.

BAGSTER'S LONG PRIMER BIBLE — A handsome Bible, gilt edges, with the addition of 307 pages, containing the following Valuable Bible Helps, Concordance, Alphabetical Index, Maps, and Illustrations, with other aids to Bible study. Given to 'Messenger' subscribers for thirteen new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each or ten new subscriptions at 40 cents each.

PICTORIAL TESTAMENT—A handsome pictorial New Testament just published, neatly bound in leather, gilt edge. Given for four new subscriptions to 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each, or six renewals at forty cents each.

The Kittens' Promenade.

Whitefoot, Malta, and Pussy-cat Gray
Went to walk together, one summer day.

Never before had they passed the gate,
And they walked with pride, with tails up straight.

"It's very charming,' Miss Whitefoot sighed.
'Who would have thought the world so wide?'

A toad and a grasshopper sat in the way—
'What giants we are!' said Pussy Gray.

'Mother told of danger outside the gate—
There's nothing to harm us,' said Malta sedate.

Pussy Gray said, 'You see, I suppose,
How very foolish of late she grows.'

Just then a dog jumped over the wall—
A spit and a cloud of dust were all

That was left. The kittens brave and sedate
Had vanished through the open gate.

—'The Presbyterian.'

Uncle Sam's Bank.

'Let's get up early and pick all the pond lilies,' said Everett.

'Yes,' said Richard, 'and get ahead of Uncle Sam.'

'But he sells them; and all we do is to put them in a bowl of water and forget everything about them,' objected Anna.

'I don't care. They're no more his than ours,' said Richard. 'Our cottage is on this pond just as much as his old shanty.'

So the next morning the trio were up earlier than usual, and left their mother only beginning to get breakfast, while they went out in the row-boat.

'There he is already,' exclaimed Everett.

Sure enough, in an old, flat-bottomed boat, a colored man was making his way toward the patch of lily pads.

'We'll steal it on him quietly,' whispered Richard, and they followed close to the shore.

Now he was leaning far over to pull in the white flowers. 'Good ketch dis mawnin',' they heard him say. 'Heah dar, ma beauty, come in heah; fo' yo' gwine help sen' Unc' Sam's boy to de school, you are. Got ter hab clo'es, he has; an' you got ter help furnish 'em. Seems like dis pon' was Unc' Sam's bank, whare de Lawd put sabin's in fo' him ter jest come 'long an' draw out. So don' min' bein' picked, ma beauties; fo' you an' de fishes what swim round below dar, you all help sen' Unc' Sam's boy to de school.'

'S-sh,' said Richard. 'Let's get out of this without his seeing us.'—'Every Other Sunday.'

Tyler's Giant.

Tyler was three years old. He had a giant bad habit. And the giant made him obey and do what was wrong. Mother and Tyler went down to the old farm to spend the summer with Grandmother Tyler. One afternoon they all thought Tyler was taking his nap. Pretty soon grandma tip-toed to the porch, and beckoned to the family who were sitting there.

There on the end of the couch—in the sitting-room sat Tyler, with the pudding dish between his knees, eating the custard which had been made for supper. Mother was ashamed. But grandmother said, 'Hush! Wait!' When supper was finished grandmother said, 'Louise, would you like some custard for dessert?' And Louise said, 'Yes, please, grandmother.' But grandmother said very sadly, 'You can't have any, Louise. Tyler's big giant went into the pantry and ate our custard all up.'

All the other grown people around the table also asked for their share of the custard, one after another; but they couldn't have any, because Tyler's big giant had eaten it.

Oh, but Tyler was ashamed! Truly, he was. It was dreadful to have a giant that ate up everybody else's dessert. And Tyler found out what mean things giants will do—if little boys let them—'Christian Observer.'

LESSON XI.—MARCH 12.

The Slavery of Sin.

(TEMPERANCE LESSON.)

John viii., 31-40.

Golden Text.

Whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin. John viii., 34.

Commit verses 31, 32.

Home Readings.

Monday, March 6.—John viii., 31-40.
Tuesday, March 7.—John viii., 21-30.
Wednesday, March 8.—John viii., 47-59.
Thursday, March 9.—Rom. v., 12-21.
Friday, March 10.—Rom. vi., 12-23.
Saturday, March 11.—Rom. vii., 13-25.
Sunday, March 12.—Rom. viii., 1-14.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

Jesus was exceedingly skillful in the use of passing events for the illustration of truth. He seized upon them. He held them up with the hand of an adept. So when the priest came with the rejoicing processional, bearing aloft the golden urn filled with water from Siloam, in memory of the water miraculously supplied in the wilderness, and was on the point of pouring it out beside the altar, Jesus cried in strong antithesis, 'If any man thirst, let him come unto Me!' So now, after they have lighted the very last of the multitudinous lamps upon the golden candelabra in the treasury of the temple, a pretty illumination in memory of the pillar of fire in the wilderness, Jesus cried, 'I am the Light of the world!' It is as if he had said, 'These lights burn for a little while. They illuminate a limited area. They will soon go out. Those who depend upon them will then grope in darkness. But I can illuminate the world to the end of time. I will be a fiery pillar to whoever will follow. He need not walk in darkness.'

This glorious announcement fell upon ears which, hearing, heard not. There was a flat refusal on the part of the national leaders to accept the claims of Jesus based, as they were, upon what they stigmatized as his unsupported testimony. To this Jesus responded that his testimony, instead of being personal and unsupported, had been repeatedly, audibly, and visibly corroborated by the Father himself. Lofty declarations concerning his person and office and distinct intimation concerning his impending death, its nature, and by whom it should be effected, followed.

In this language of terrible severity there is one delightful interlude. It is the word of encouragement to the few who, in spite of the almost universal unbelief and hate, still believed in Jesus. Their faith might be crude and erroneous; the substance of it might even be the secular hope of mere national emancipation; but if they would only continue in the atmosphere of Jesus' teaching, this immature and wrong faith might be exchanged for the genuine faith of true discipleship. Obedience will be the organ of knowledge, and knowledge of the truth will be emancipation.

The inveterate hopelessness of unbelief is illustrated in the reply of the Jews. They deprecate what they chose to esteem an imputtation against the national honor. They ignore the incidents of Egypt, Syria, and Babylon, and strut as they plume themselves upon an unbroken national and personal independence. But they cannot thus parry the homethrust of the sword which proceeds from Jesus' mouth as the prophet said it would. One word reveals the slavery of which Jesus speaks. Sin is servitude. The Son of God is the sole and sufficient Emancipator from this most degrading, pitiful and deadly slavery.

Like a surgeon, with the keen scalpel of his speech, Jesus opens the very heart of the nation and shows the utter foulness of its sin and unbelief. How differently Hebrew history would have to be written had there been confession and contrition on this fateful occasion. But the national heart was obdurate. Had he not withdrawn, Jesus' reward for his fidelity would have been a shower of deadly stones.

LIGHTS ON THE LESSON.

'He that sent me is with me.' There is an inspiring analogy here. As Jesus was sent into the world, so is every human being. Each has a mission, a thought to express. Believing this life can never be aimless. There is no fatalism. We are not 'dumb, driven cattle.' Our comfort and assurance of success are that we are not deserted, but he that sent us is with us. This vital relation is maintained as long as we are faithful to the Divine ideal of our life as it is revealed to us, as Jesus was when he said, 'For I do always those things that please him.'

'The servant abideth not; the Son abideth.' The reference was perfectly understood by the Hebrew auditors. It is to the familiar story of Ishmael and Isaac. Both sons of Abraham, one by the bondwoman, consequently himself a servant and destined to banishment; the other the son by the wife and destined to dwell in the house forever. So all men are sons of God, and will have his fatherly care. All are naturally in the servitude of sin, and are, like Ishmael, destined to banishment. Those sons whom the Son manumits from the servitude of sin shall be free indeed, and shall dwell in the Father's house forever.

Of all lies ever told that seems the most superlative when the Jews said to Jesus, 'We never were in bondage to any man.' Did they think the young Rabbi so ignorant as not to know of the captivity in Egypt and Babylon? Did they think him unacquainted with the Psalms of the exile in the Hebrew hymn-book?

This falsehood was prompted by racial pride. They said, 'We be Abraham's seed, and for that reason never could be slaves.' It is a striking illustration of the perversion of a good quality. Patriotic pride of ancestral origin is an admirable trait, but in this instance it was carried beyond reason and reacted harmfully.

NOTES FROM THE COMMENTARIES.

Had believed on him: Had believed him, Revised Version, not as in verse 30, meaning to accept him as Saviour. Continue in my Word, or in this doctrine of mine: Not enough to receive truth, we must retain it. Only such are genuine disciples.—Clark. The teacher is the school.—Peloubet. Know the truth: Constant experimental knowledge of its power and efficacy.—Clark. Truth in the sense of reality: The realities of life, of the universe.—Peloubet. Truth is conformity of thought with fact; of judgment, statement, or belief with reality.—Century Dictionary. Truth shall make you free: The idea that vice is slavery is common in all literature.—Camb. Bib. Dream not of freedom while under the mastery of your desires.—Plato. No one committing deeds of wickedness can be free.—Arvian. Guilt may bear the name of virtue, but it is base bondage.—Epictetus. Truth shall make you free: No man free but he who exercises himself in the meditation of the law.—Jewish Maxim. Never in bondage: False and ridiculous. Whole history a recital of servitude under Egyptians, Persians, and Romans. Whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin: This the slavery of which Christ spoke; the deliverance from it the liberty he promised. Servant abideth not: Slave does not form part of the family; has no right to any part of the inheritance in the family. My Word hath no place: This doctrine of mine has no place in you; hear but do not heed. Speak that which I have seen: unchangeable, eternal truth. Ye would do the works of Abraham: Son has father's nature, naturally imitates him. If ye were Abraham's children you would imitate his faith, obedience and uprightness.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, March 12.—Topic—Christ, the Great Physician. Luke iv., 16-19; v., 27-32; I. Pet. ii., 24.

Junior C. E. Topic.

GOD'S HOUSE.

Monday, March 6.—The tabernacle. Heb. ix., 2-8.

Tuesday, March 7.—The tabernacle at Shiloh. Josh. xviii., 1.

Wednesday, March 8.—Solomon's temple. I. Kings vi., 1-14.

Thursday, March 9.—The second temple. Ezra iii., 8-11.

Friday, March 10.—Jesus in the temple. John x., 23.

Saturday, March 11.—The house of prayer. Matt. xxi., 12-14.

Sunday, March 12.—Topic—God's house and why we should honor it. Ex. xxv., 8, 9; xxix., 43-46.

Five Kinds of Pennies.

A boy who had a pocketful of pennies dropped one into a missionary box, laughing as he did so. He had no thought in his heart about the heathen, or the Saviour, Jesus. Was his penny not as light as tin?

Another boy put in a penny, saying to himself—I suppose I must, because the others do.' That was an iron penny; it was the gift of a cold, selfish heart.

A third boy gave a penny, and looked around to see if anybody was praising him. His was the brass penny; not the gift of a lowly heart, but of a proud spirit.

As a fourth boy dropped his penny into the box his heart said—'Poor heathen! I am sorry they are so poor, so ignorant, and so miserable.' This was a silver penny, and the gift of a heart full of pity.

But there was one boy who gave his penny, saying—'For thy sake, Lord Jesus. Oh, let the heathen hear of thee, the Saviour of all!' That was a golden penny, because it was the gift of faith and love.—'Christian Advocate.'

The Teachers Need.

If you pass into the great Abbey, and walk up the great aisle from underneath the organ, you will see before you the majestic figure of the English statesman, Mr. Pitt, the Prime Minister of twenty-five. It is little more than one hundred years ago that a discussion took place in his presence as to the qualifications required for a Prime Minister of England. One man said, 'Courage,' another said, 'Experience,' a third said, 'Eloquence.' 'No,' said Pitt, who had all these, 'the one quality for a Prime Minister is patience.' And that which is required for that office in the State is the quality which is required for every teacher. In the name of all that conduces to success, in the name of what you owe to your peace of mind, in the name of what you owe to those little ones whom you feel to be entrusted to you, by the Friend of the children, I adjure you, 'Be patient to all.'—Dr. Butler.

'I will help thee,' saith the Lord. O my soul, is not this enough? Dost thou need more strength than the omnipotence of the united Trinity? Dost thou want more wisdom than exists in the Father, more love than displays itself in the Son, or more power than is manifest in the influence of the Spirit? Bring hither thine empty pitcher! Surely this well will fill it. Haste, gather up thy wants and bring them here—thine emptiness, thy woes, thy deeds. Behold this river of God is full for thy supply; what canst thou desire beside? Go forth, my soul, in this thy might. The eternal God is thine helper!—Spurgeon.

Do not be Sidetracked.

The true teacher is an enthusiastic and devoted student of the Bible, up-to-date in his information, competent to distinguish between 'the letter' that 'killeth' and 'the spirit' that 'maketh alive,' and careful not to present the Book in any such aspect as would later on lead the scholars into needless distress and difficulty. More than all, the teacher must make the very substance of the saving message of the Gospel his own, and be careful, in its exposition, not to allow himself to be shunted into side-tracks of discussion, or wander in mere by-ways of information. He has only one brief half-hour in the week for his work, and he must see to it that the very marrow of each lesson is first mastered, and then expounded to the best of his ability. Superficiality is the bugbear of Sunday-school teaching.—The Rev. B. Griffith Jones.

Correspondence

Carnduff, Assa.

Dear Editor,—I have often thought of writing to the 'Messenger,' but have failed to do so until now. I have taken the 'Messenger' for three years, and would not like to be without it. I got it first as a birthday present. I must thank you for the beautiful Bible which I received for subscribers. I think it is a grand present for so little work. I think all the subscribers that I got enjoy the paper. We are having holidays now till the first of February. We have to study now, as I think most of the fifth class are going to try for the entrance examination next summer. We had examinations before school closed. I managed to get the second prize. It was given for the highest percentage in the fifth class. We play quite a few games at school, among them football, which I think is the principal one among the boys. The girls play, too, sometimes. We played a match game with the town team, and beat them. They then wanted to play again, and so we accepted the challenge, but got beaten, but they had to put some senior players on their side to do it. We have another match to play yet to see which side is the champion. Well, I think I have written enough for this time. Wishing the Editor and readers a Happy and Prosperous New Year. I will close.

GORDON W.

P.S.—I enclose one of my drawings, and I would like to see it reproduced, if possible.—G. W.

Brookholm, Ont.

Dear Editor,—Brookholm is a very pretty place. It is on the outskirts of Owen Sound, in the village. There are seven stores, a blacksmith's shop, a post-office, and a lot of houses. There is a lot of snow now. I am in the third book, and am 11 years old.

RETTA McM.

Mitchell Square, Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I have been interested in the Correspondence of the 'Messenger' and in all the nice letters that the boys and girls write. I thought I would write one, too. My brother takes the 'Messenger,' and we think it is a very nice paper. I like to read the letter from the Editor very much. I like going to school better than staying at home. I was promoted to the fourth book at Christmas, and I like it very well. I don't think it is very hard yet. We had a concert on the last day of school, Dec. 23. We gave our teacher, Mr. B., a present. We gave his wife one also. Some of the parents and young people were present. We had a large programme, consisting of recitations, dialogues, readings, singings. I read the opening address. Our Baptist minister was the chairman. Our teacher gave us candies and nuts after it was over.

LILLIE M. (aged 11).

Brookholm, Ont.

Dear Editor,—Brookholm is a very pretty place, especially in the summer. We see all the boats going out and in of the harbor. The G.T.R. trains are not very far from our place. There are eight girls in our Sunday-school class, and Mr. B. is our teacher. I got a certificate for punctuality, perfect recitation and good conduct. I have three brothers, and two are going to the collegiate institute. For pets we have a dog named 'Soldier.' We have a cow and a calf. There are three teachers in our school. I am in the senior third class. I sit with Mabel F. Our teacher's name is Miss H.

BEATRICE U.

South Brook, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm. My father keeps three horses and four cows, and some young cattle, but not so many as he used to. The hay crop was very poor in this part of the country, and we could not keep many cattle this winter. I am ten years old. One of my brothers is thirteen years old. I have three brothers and two sisters. One of my brothers is in Minnesota. Our farm is ten miles from Springhill coal mines. My father makes maple sugar in the spring, and if any of the 'Messenger' readers would like to know how it is made I can tell them. I go to school, and am in the fourth grade. My teacher's name is Miss S. I think she is a very nice teacher.

HIBBERT C. S.

Dartford, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have often thought I would write to your paper, but have now determined to make it a success. I have taken the 'Messenger' since May, 1904, through the kindness of my Sunday-school teacher, Miss C. I am fifteen years old, and my birthday is on Aug. 23. I have one sister younger than myself, whose name is Annie, aged ten years. She is also writing to the 'Messenger.' She and I enjoy reading the 'Messenger' very much. We get it every Friday, and long for that day to come. I passed the High School entrance examination last summer, but have not gone since. After reading your papers we send them to our cousin in Seymour. Dartford is seven miles from a village called Hastings, and three miles from another called Warkworth. We live near a pond. Our lot borders on the pond, and we have great times sleigh-riding and skating. There is Rice Lake, and last summer I was up on the lake to Idyl Wyld, an island, at a picnic, and had a lovely time. I wonder if any of the other readers of the 'Messenger' ever saw a three-legged chicken. Well, I have; for my grandma had one a year ago last summer, but it is dead now. There are four subscribers to the 'Messenger' in this little place. I am very fond of reading, and I have read a great many books, some of which are: 'The Man of the House,' 'One by Herself,' 'Truth and its Triumph,' 'Nellie O'Neil,' 'Aiming Higher,' 'Bible Pearls,' and many others. I think 'In Peril on the Sea' and 'The Wedding Ring's Story' were very nice. My favorite authors are Longfellow, and Rudyard Kipling. It is a wonder more do not write to the 'Messenger,' but I hope they will keep writing, as it is such a nice paper. I hope my letter is not too long; tell me, anyway, if it is. Most of the letters in the paper are very interesting to read. Last summer Annie and I had a squirrel for a pet, which came every day, and we used to feed him and then away he would go again. One day he went away and did not come back, but the other day we saw him running on the crust on the snow, so he stopped and we fed him. Good-by.

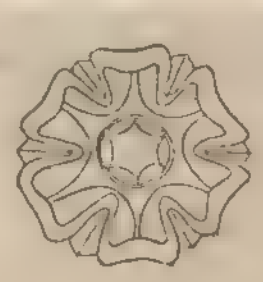
ELENA J. C.

Margaret M. (age 13), (address not given)

Roland M. (age 14), Morehead, Que.

Katie K. (age 13), Westport, Ont.

A Wind-Stacker. Russell W. (age 16), Wisbeach, Ont.



Donald H. McC., age 13 Collingwood, Ont.

Elmer F. (age 14) Papineauville Que.

Annie J. R. (age 13), South Victoria, N.S.

Abbie S. (age 16), Salmon Point, Ont.

Temperance Alphabet.

A is the Ale that will soften the brain,
B is the Bottle—be warned and abstain;
C is the Culprit, to jail he may go,
D is the Drink that has brought him so low,
E is the Earnings—how spent you may guess,
F is the Family, deep in distress;
G is the Gout that will tease him some day,
H is the House that has gone to decay;
I is the Injury done to each friend,
J is the Jail where the drunkard may end;
K is the Kick that he gave to his wife,
L is the Love that he promised for life;
M is the Money she wanted for bread,
N is the Nose which is awfully red;
O is the Outcast, where others have homes,
P is the Pauper who penniless roams;
Q is the Quarrel engendered by drink,
R is the Rum in which he must sink,
S is the Shame that must follow the sin,
T is the Tippler—the way to begin;
U is the Uproar, so dreadful to hear,
V is the Vice that we all have to fear;
W is the Wealth that soon flies away,
X is Xpensive if drunk every day;
Y is the Youth—ere he drink let him pause;
Z is the Zeal in the temperance cause.

—'The Irish Templar.'

A Child Shall Lead Them.

(S. Miller, in the 'Temperance Leader and League Journal.')

After returning from a hard day's work, I was requested to pay a visit to a man who was in great distress of mind.

'It's the old story, I suppose, Mrs. Ferguson,' I said, as I recognized the pale, careworn face that looked out of the old tattered shawl which was both bonnet and mantle.

'But I never saw Colin anything like this,' replied Mrs. Ferguson, brushing a tear out of her weary-looking eyes. 'It's awful, sir. Oh, do come and see him,' she pleaded tremblingly.

'But even if I go, what better will he be?' I argued. 'Ferguson will not hear me speak. You know his principles.'

Seeing that I hesitated, the poor woman clasped her two thin hands, and turned to me with an imploring look.

'Try once more, sir; Colin would like to see you, he is in such a state of fright.'

I put on my greatcoat, but it seemed to me that Colin was not in a state to receive much benefit from his spiritual adviser. He had been on a drinking bout for some weeks, and from what his wife said I understood him to be in 'delirium tremens,' and as I waded through the raw November fog it must be confessed that I was not very hopeful of my walk to the Gorbals.

On arrival at the house a dreadful scene presented itself. With bloodshot eyes and clenched hands, the father sat in his bed, shrieking, as if fiends were torturing him; a little apart from the bed stood his wife, alternately soothing and scolding. The neglected fire had died out in the grate, and through a broken pane the wintry wind moaned drearily in unison with the sad picture, which was completed by a group of naked, half-starved looking children, who were weeping together silently amongst the shadows of the background.

'Whisht! Colin; here's the minister come to see you,' said his wife. 'Oh, sir,' turning to me,' if you could only divert his thought a little.'

A mocking laugh from the bed drowned her voice, and pointing his finger eagerly towards the wall, Colin exclaimed in a voice tremulous with terror, 'See—there—it's coming this way—look—look—ha, ha!'

'Nonsense, Colin,' said his wife.

'One, two, three. The foremost is my mother's spirit—look, she is beckoning to me; my father was here a minute ago, and my sister Sarah. They shook their heads at me, but the devil has me fast bound in chains of fire.'

'What stuff you are talking,' said I, looking Ferguson steadily in the face, as he paused

for a moment. 'You don't believe in a future state, you know, and it's impossible for you to imagine you saw the spirits of your dead relatives.'

The glaring eyes rested on my face an instant with a sort of bewilderment, then a burst of wild laughter rang through the dismal room.

'Look there,' he cried, pointing to the foot of the bed with his outstretched arm. 'I see my mother as plainly as I see you, and Sarah is standing behind her. Oh, my God, take them away, or I shall go mad.'

'Think a moment of what you are saying,' I put in. 'You hold that there is no hereafter; and if you are still in that belief, a spirit can have no existence in your mind.'

I thought I perceived a gleam of intelligence in his eyes when I began, but the giddy brain whirled off again, and it was impossible to catch it, as it became lost in the hazy regions of delirium. I could do no good by staying at the wretched man's bedside, and when the doctor came I took my leave. The next time I called Ferguson was in a calmer frame of mind. He had passed through the worst stage, and was beginning to come round. He was very low and desponding, and he seemed to have lost all his confidence and swagger in his late conflict with the powers of darkness.

'I'm afraid, sir,' said he, 'it is not possible for you or any other man to do me good.'

'But all things are possible with God, my brother to them who believe.'

'I'm not a believer, though,' put in Ferguson, quickly.

'You are a contradiction,' said I. 'The last time I saw you, you insisted that you beheld the spirit of your dead mother standing at the foot of your bed.'

'For mercy's sake, don't, sir,' interrupted Ferguson, beginning to tremble violently.

'And you declared that the devil had you fast.'

'He thought he saw his poor old father, too, and Sarah,' struck in his wife half jeeringly, as she rose to attend to some household duty.

Colin did not reply until she was out of hearing, then leaning towards me, he whispered, 'I saw them all as distinctly as I see you at this moment.'

'Then if there are disembodied spirits, there must be a future state of being, it is clear.'

(To be continued.)

The Spanish Government and the Cigarette Evil.

Spaniards, perhaps, more than any people in the world, are addicted to the cigarette habit. Men, women and children smoke continually in public and private. A Spaniard without a cigarette would be as strange a sight as a steamboat without a smoke funnel. At last this habit has been recognized as a great national evil, which ought to be curbed by law. The Cortes has before it a bill drafted by the Minister of the Interior, absolutely prohibiting the sale of tobacco, cigars or cigarettes to any person under seventeen years of age. The penalties for violation of the law carry from ten to fifty dollars, with imprisonment in exceptionally flagrant cases. The severity of the measure is justified as imperative for the arrest of racial degeneration. It has been pointed out that tuberculosis is making great and increasing ravages among the Spanish people, and this is largely attributed to the use of cigarettes by boys.—Montreal 'Witness.'

What he Saw in Canada.

When the Rev. Mark Guy Pearse, of the West End Wesleyan Mission, a former colleague of the late Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, returned to London, England, after a twelve months' sojourn in the United States and Canada, he said: 'I never saw a woman enter a public house in Canada or the United States; I never saw on any table or dining car a glass of liquor, and I never saw a drunken man till I reached an English port. I was deeply impressed with the self-respecting bearing of the people. They walked with a firm step, as if they knew whose world it is, and felt that they have a share in it.' This is an impressive tribute to the character of the American and Canadian people by a very acute observer. —'Canadian Royal Templar.'

HOUSEHOLD.

My Vacation Mecca.

I will not spend vacation's days
  Beside a summer sea,
Nor will I seek the pleasant ways
  Of gay humanity.
Upon no mountain's rugged crest
  Will I unfold my tent,
But in a place of peaceful rest
  My moments will be spent.

I'll journey to a quiet spot,
  Beyond a shady lane!
The threshold of a moss-grown cot
  My feet will cross again;
And then her lips I'll fondly press,
  Her form I will embrace;
I'll look upon the loveliness
  Of her angelic face.

We'll stroll together, side by side,
  And gazing in her eyes,
My heart will thrill with manly pride,
  And love that never dies.
For, in that cot of humble charms
  Abides my purest joy—
My mother waits, with open arms,
  To welcome home her boy.
—Lawrence Porcher Hext, in 'Leslie's Weekly.'

Health and Home Hints for Whimsical Appetites.

The appetite of sick persons is capricious and whimsical. No question as to preferences should ever be asked. Their tastes should be studied without their knowledge, and their preference should furnish the working basis. Everything about the sick diet should be dainty and attractive. The napkins used for the tray cannot be too crisp and fresh. The most delicate china and silver are not too good. No warmed over food should appear; everything should be fresh. Hot things should be hot and cold things cold. This is very important. Always have too little food rather than too much. Better to have the patient say, "See, I've eaten it all!' than 'I couldn't eat it all; my appetite is so poor.' The moment the meal is finished all food should be taken from the room.

Gruels that are properly made, delicately flavored and well served are valuable for the sick, especially where the appetite is nil or solid foods prescribed. But such gruels are seldom seen. In their place one finds too often sloppy, tepid and even lumpy concoctions miscalled 'gruel.' In the first place milk, or milk mixtures for the sick—and for anyone else, for that matter, should never be heated in any dish or basin which has been used to cook vegetables or meats. A double boiler is the best utensil for the purpose. It should be absolutely clean and colorless. Gruels are made of flour—arrowroot, farina and other flours. Since these materials are composed chiefly of starch, they must be cooked thoroughly in order to be digestible. Milk, on the other hand, is rendered indigestible by boiling. Consequently, the cooking of the flours should be done in water, and the milk should be added the last thing, and only brought to a scalding point.

To make flour gruel mix into a paste with cold water one tablespoonful of flour, one saltspoonful of salt and one teaspoonful of sugar. Add a square of cinnamon and a cupful of boiling water. Boil the mixture slowly for about twenty minutes. Then stir in a cupful of milk and let it come to the scalding point. Strain and serve very hot.

In place of cinnamon, nutmeg, almond or vanilla flavors may be used. For a fever patient a little lemon juice will be liked best. Arrow root and farina gruels are made in the same way.

Sweetbreads, broiled fillets of chicken and squabs all furnish variety to the sick-room's bill of fare. All are easy of digestion and more or less nutritious.

Raw beef sandwiches have been eaten with relish by many a sick person, who, if he or she had understood their composition, would have refused them. If beef is desirable scrape it, salt it delicately and spread it on thin slices of buttered brown bread or white bread or toast. Delicious sandwiches may be made of bacon cut very thin and toasted crisp. With brown bread these furnish valuable food agents.

Toast made of stale bread is more easy of digestion than if made of the fresh kind. If it is wanted soft, dip it quickly into boiling water before it is buttered.

Uncooked beef juice is never delicious but in many wasting diseases it is of great value. Of consumption this is especially true. A flavor of cooking may be gained by heating the beef before the juice is extracted from it, either on a boiler or in a hot frying pan. Only the outer surface should be scorched. The inside should be warmed only enough to start the juices.'—New York 'Tribune.'

The Cheery Girl.

She comes into the room like a soft breeze —fresh, invigorating—and the 'blues' fly out of the window before her sunny presence. She is ready for everything. She never throws cold water on your plans. She clasps her hands and says your ideas are splendid, and suggests a way to make them even more splendid, so sweetly and modestly that you think it is your own suggestion. She can be clever and funny without being unkind or sarcastic. She is receptive and responsive. She prefers to consider all the world honest and glad until it proves itself otherwise. She always gets along; she has friends everywhere.—Exchange.

A housekeeper who has experienced considerable difficult in keeping a hardwood floor in good condition, believes that she has solved the problem by a method which is claimed to be much superior to that of rubbing with oil, as it leaves no disagreeable sticky feeling. The floor is first swept with a soft brush, then carefully wiped with a slightly damp cloth. Afterward the entire surface is gone over with a mixture, consisting of a half a cup of the best furniture polish dissolved in a quart of moderately hot water. When dry the boards are said to acquire a fine polish as the result of this process.

English Hospitality.

Punctilious unselfishness must constantly be practiced by a hostess, and in this direction no better model can be found than the high-bred Englishwoman. She and her country-women generally understand the letting alone of guests in its finest form. In an English home one is never wearied by the feeling that, as a bright American club woman once said:

'One is ta king for one's board.'

There is always perfect freedom of action in an English house until the dinner hour. No offence is taken if a guest choses to spend the entire day in her room, but etiquette demands that the evening dressing bell be regarded as an imperative summons to appear at dinner with the entertaining powers polished to their utmost. Knowledge of the world and of books originality of thought or speech must be levied upon by the possessor to entertain or enter into discussions which may come up. Many women, and men, too, who have been lacking in the conversational gift, have still made reputations for themselves by the knowledge which enabled them to pose as good listeners. Good taste, good temper and good manners all come from a gentle heart. Cultivate the last, and the others will arrive.—The 'Presbyterian Banner.'

Method in Housekeeping.

One can accomplish much more in a day with system than without it. A good housewife, by planning her work, does a dozen things while they are all within easy reach, while a poor housekeeper will be running from room to room doing one thing in each, and at night will be all tired out, without having much to show for her labor. 'Method,' said Cecil, 'is like packing things in a box; a good packer will get in half as much again as a bad one.'—'Well spring.'

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send three new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at forty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies; also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

FROM THE EARTH'S VEINS TO YOUR VEINS.

WE DON'T CARE if you **are skeptical,** we care not if you have **no confidence,** it makes **no difference** if you give no **credence or belief,** it matters not even if you **lack hope,** It takes **only a trial**—all we ask. It will do the work—it cannot help doing it. It comes from out the ground, **from the earth's veins,** the dust out of which man was first made, and **flows like fire** through the veins of the sufferer, the sick and the needy, curing whether the user believes in it, or does not believe.

CRUTCHES ARE THROWN AWAY but not through hope, bandages are taken off, but not through confidence, purges are poured into the sink, hot water bottles are laid away on the shelf, plasters are destroyed, but not through faith. **It is the work the Ore was made for,** the duty for which it was put into the earth's veins and it can no more help doing it than can man help following his natural destiny—the sufferer can no more resist its action, its power, than can man resist the power of the sun, the tides of the earth itself.

IT IS DIFFERENT from anything that has ever before been offered, from those other treatments you have used, **as is pure milk from chalk and water or the brilliant sunlight from a tallow candle.** It flows like life through your veins, pure as it came from the veins of the earth and **acts** in a different manner, **cures** in a different way. It is different from all others and can be **differently offered** to those in need—**on trial,** the user **to be the judge**—a way sellers of medicine dare not duplicate or copy.

IF YOU WANT IT if you need it, if you are suffering for it, wasting away day by day, for lack of that **help and health** which it alone can bring to you—**SEND FOR IT!** It will not cost you **one single penny** if it does not help. Nothing to begin with, **nothing at any time** if you are not satisfied, if you don't want to pay for it. **You are to be the judge!**

OLD CHRONIC CASES are those we seek especially. It matters not what you think, what you have thought, what the doctors think or what they would make you think. It counts not a whit what desperate efforts you have already made, what disappointing failures you have already been through—**SEND FOR IT ON TRIAL!** It is different—a trial will prove it, the **only thing** that can prove it, **the only thing** that is needed to prove it. A trial will tell **its own plain story,** a story that will mean **comfort, peace, health** and **happiness** for you. You must only first **open the book,** by sending for it, by beginning its use.

Read This Special Offer!

WE WILL SEND to every sick and ailing person who writes us, mentioning **THE NORTHERN MESSENGER,** a full-sized **One Dollar** package of **VITÆ-ORE** by mail, **post paid,** sufficient for one month's treatment, to be paid for within one month's time after receipt, if the receiver can truthfully say that its use has done him or her more good than all the drugs and dopes of quacks or good doctors or patent medicines he or she has ever used. **Read** this offer again carefully, and understand that we ask our pay only **when it has done you good and not before.** We take all the risk; you have nothing to lose. If it does not benefit you, you pay us nothing. **Vitæ Ore** is a natural, hard, adamantine rock-like substance—mineral—Ore—mined from the ground like gold and silver, and requires about twenty years for oxidization. It contains free iron, free sulphur and magnesium, and one package will equal in medicinal strength and curative value 800 gallons of the most powerful, efficacious mineral water drunk fresh at the springs. It is a geological discovery to which there is nothing added or taken from. It is the marvel of the century for curing such diseases as **Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Blood Poisoning, Heart Trouble, Dropsy, Catarrh and Throat Affections, Liver, Kidney and Bladder Ailments, Stomach and Female Disorders, LaGrippe, Malarial Fever, Nervous Prostration and General Debility,** as thousands testify, and as no one, answering this, writing for a package will deny after using. **Vitæ-Ore** has cured more chronic, obstinate, pronounced incurable cases than any other known medicine, and will reach cases with a more rapid and powerful curative action than any medicine, combination of medicines, or doctor's prescriptions which it is possible to procure.

VITÆ-ORE will do the same for you as it has for hundreds of readers of **THE NORTHERN MESSENGER** if you will give it a trial. **Send for a $1 package at our risk.** You have nothing to lose but the stamp to answer this announcement. **We want no one's money whom Vitæ-Ore cannot benefit.** You are to be the judge. Can anything be more fair? What sensible person, no matter how prejudiced he or she may be, who desires a cure and is willing to pay for it would hesitate to try **Vitæ-Ore** on this liberal offer? One package is usually sufficient to cure ordinary cases; two or three for chronic, obstinate cases. **We mean just what we say** in this announcement, and will do just as we agree: Write to-day for a package at our risk and expense, giving your age and ailments, and mention **THE NORTHERN MESSENGER,** so that we may know that you are entitled to this liberal offer.

YOU ARE TO BE THE JUDGE.

Health Completely Broken

Suffered for Twelve Years—Now Well and Strong.

I shall feel grateful every day of my life for the great benefit which I and my family have derived from the use of Vitæ-Ore. For twelve years I suffered from a complication of troubles caused by overwork.

My health was completely broken and my blood was in a severely anæmic condition. I suffered each year from La Grippe during the cold, damp seasons. I consulted a good physician, who said that what I needed was at least a three years' rest, but with three little children and a home to take care of, that, of course, was out of the question, so I resorted to the use of medicines. Besides my other troubles, I also suffered from Piles, and my doctors told me that this condition could not be cured. I tried numerous advertised patent treatments, as well as a great deal of doctor's medicine, but what little relief I secured was only temporary, and after a while I got so used to drugging that I received no benefit whatever, no matter what I used. Vitæ-Ore has completely cured me. I am now well and strong, and have been so for months. We find it also an invaluable home remedy, excellent to prevent blood poisoning, boils, etc., and it is a quick healer for coughs, burns and bruises. It is also splendid in throat troubles and catarrh. I always intend to keep a supply on hand and it is the only thing we need in this house.

MRS. M. F CALLBECK,
Summerside, P. E. I.

MAKE THE EFFORT WHICH MEANS YOUR CURE.

Nothing is so pitiable to witness as wrongly applied effort, particularly so when the effort thus put forward is earnest and persistent, of a kind that, placed in a proper channel, would be productive of the results sought after. Especially is this true of the attempts of sick and ailing people to secure a cure for their ills, many wasting some of the best years of their lives in an effort along the wrong direction, lives that are made miserable by a protracted disorder that apparently defies all efforts to eradicate it. They will apply themselves diligently to the treatment, will follow it and dose themselves day after day with a determination and spirit that is, indeed, commendable, but the effort is misdirected and nothing but additional and prolonged distress comes of it.

The trouble is, that they are treating the SYMPTOMS, the external evidences of a disturbance within, and not the CAUSE which brings it about. They deaden the immediate discomfort by drugging with narcotics and preparations which depend for temporary efficacy upon a narcotic influence and are doing nothing to get at the fountain head of the trouble, which remains in the seat, undisturbed and unconquered. Thus it is that the treatment is kept up, week in and week out, month after month, year after year, the sufferer always seeking a cure and not realizing that what he is seeking lies in an entirely different direction. Doctors diagnose the case, question as to the symptoms and treat the symptom instead of investigating for the cause, and having discovered it, taking proper steps to remove the wrong condition which makes it possible. Patent medicines, too, are placed on the market and advertised to treat the symptoms, to relieve this and that outward manifestation of an inward abnormality, while the CAUSE goes merrily on, causing more and more symptoms as time progresses, more work for the doctors and more sales for these so-called medicines.

Vitæ-Ore treats the CAUSE, not the symptoms. It gets into the veins, courses through the vital organs, doing its good work in each, setting each to rights and by so doing removes the inward disorder itself. It is a CURE and not merely a check for a time upon the outward physical manifestation of that disorder. This is one of the reasons for the absoluteness and permanency of its cures, the principal reason for the wide range of symptoms it causes to disappear. Many different symptoms and local disturbances can be attributed to one particular lesion, one fundamental lack of functional activity that is primarily alike in many separate cases, accounting for the ease with which Vitæ-Ore effaces such different symptoms by the perfect removal of these underlying and controlling causes.

Not a Penny Unless You Are Benefited!

This offer will challenge the attention and consideration, and afterward the gratitude of every living person who desires better health or who suffers pains, ills and diseases which defied the medical world and grown worse with age. We care not for your skepticism, but ask only your investigation, and at our expense, regardless of what ills you have, by writing to us for a package. Address

THEO. NOEL, Geologist, N. M. Dept., Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

The Comforts of Home.

A sweet little cottage embowered in green;
A lawn edged with flowers of various sheen;
A window with faces that watch till I come;
A door flinging open to welcome me home.

No envy have I for the rich and the great,
My dear little cot is my only estate.
Back, back to that Eden, wherever I roam,
My heart turns with hunger; for that is my home.

When day with its toiling draws near to its close,
I haste to my hearth with its cheer and repose,
And should care and worry have clouded my day,
The sweetness of home-love soon drives them away.

May God in His mercy look down from above,
And shield from all danger the dear ones I love,
And guard with His angels, from trouble to come,
My heaven terrestrial, my own dear, dear home.

—'Farmer's World.'

Safe Suggestions.

Brighten silverware by rubbing it with oatmeal.

Don't think water should be added to spinach to cook it. It is a mistake.

Pails and tubs may be kept from warping by painting them with glycerine.

Soda is an excellent article for cleaning tinware. Apply with a damp cloth and rub dry.

If you heat your knife slightly you can cut hot bread or cakes as smoothly as if they were cold.

Don't close the oven door with a bang when cake is baking; the jar has spoiled many a fine loaf.

Perspiration stains should be removed by rubbing with soap and laying the garment in the hot sun.

To remove tea and coffee stains, stretch the stained place over a bowl and pour boiling water through the stain.

Toughen lamp chimneys by setting them on the stove in cold water, which is allowed to come slowly to a boil.

To take out grass stains, wash the stained part in alcohol and rinse in clear water, if possible, while the stain is fresh.

To remove paint stains—rub with turpentine; or if very obstinate, it then can be removed by touching with chloroform.

To remove fruit stains, put a layer of salt on the stain as soon as made and treat with boiling water the same as for tea stains.

Brush the bottom crust of pie with white of egg before putting in the fruit, to prevent the juices being absorbed and the crust becoming soggy.

Try using soapy water for making starch. It is said that linen will be given a gloss by this means, and that the irons will not stick.

Don't wonder that corned beef is tough if put into hot water first, nor that it is too salt if the water is not changed at least three times while boiling.—'North-western Christian Advocate.'

Selected Recipes.

Pork Tenderloin.—People do not as a rule appreciate the possibilities of the pork tenderloin. Treat in the same way as chicken fricassee with dumpling and a rich gravy.

Hominy Muffins.—Into a double boiler put three tablespoonfuls of fine hominy, one-half of a cupful of boiling water and one-half of a teaspoonful of salt. Cook for forty minutes then add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and three tablespoonfuls of butter; when blended set aside. Scald one pint of milk, pour it over two cupfuls of white corn meal mixed with one-half of a teaspoonful of salt. Beat hard, mix it thoroughly with the hominy, and set aside until cold or until the following morning if the muffins are for breakfast. When ready to use separate the whites and yolks of three eggs, beat the yolks until light and the whites until stiff. Mix them lightly with the hominy mixture, add three tablespoonfuls of baking powder and bake in greased gem pans in a very hot oven for about twenty-five minutes.

Date Loaf Cake.—Cream well together one-half of a cupful of butter and one cupful and a quarter of sugar. Add two well-beaten eggs, one teaspoonful of vanilla and a slight grating of nutmeg, one cupful of milk, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of salt and two and one-half cupfuls of flour. Beat hard for five minutes, stir in two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one heaping cupful of stoned and quartered dates. Bake in a loaf pan in a moderate oven.

Cheese Patties.—Cut bread from which the crust has been removed into pieces two and one-half inches thick, two and one-half inches wide and three and one-half inches long. Then with a pointed knife cut a line around the inside one, half an inch from the edge, and carefully remove the crumbs, leaving a box with the sides and bottom one-half inch in thickness. Dip them in butter and toast them in the oven to a delicate brown. Fill the centre with a mixture of two ounces of grated cheese, one-half tablespoonful of melted butter, one tablespoonful of milk, a little salt and pepper. Place in the oven and after filling it to melt the cheese. Serve very hot.

RUPTURE CAN BE CURED

at home WITHOUT Pain, Danger, or Time From Work by the WONDERFUL DISCOVERY of an eminent Toronto Specialist.

Rev. E. D. Sherman, Harrow, Essex County, Ontario, whose portrait here appears, is cured at 66 years, by the great Discovery of the Rupture Specialist, Dr. W. S. Rice, 2½ East Queen St. (Block 81), Toronto, Ont. To all Ruptured sufferers, who write at once, Dr. Rice will send FREE, his BOOK, "Can Rupture be Cured," and a FREE TRIAL of his DISCOVERY. Do not wait, write to-day.

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JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

$4.50 WOMAN'S SUITS I should like to send every woman sample cloths and Spring Styles of our $4.50 to $12.00 Suits; also Skirts, Waists and Rain Coats. Manager, SOUTHCOTT SUIT CO., London, Can. Sample Dept. 19.

We Can Qualify You For The Civil Service

If you are an American over 18 years of age and able to read and write, we can qualify you for a good government position. The cost is low. Write at once for *Civil Service Booklet*. State age.

International Correspondence Schools Box 1241 C Scranton, Pa.

No Breakfast Table complete without

EPPS'S COCOA

An admirable food, with all its natural qualities intact, fitted to build up and maintain robust health, and to resist winter's extreme cold. It is a valuable diet for children.

'The Most Nutritious and Economical.

THE BABY'S OWN

EARN OVER $10 A DAY.

Agents Wanted all over the world. Experience not necessary. Ten dollars a day easily earned taking subscriptions for 'World Wide.' Write for full particulars and our hints for easy canvassing. Address the Publishers of 'World Wide,' Montreal, Canada.

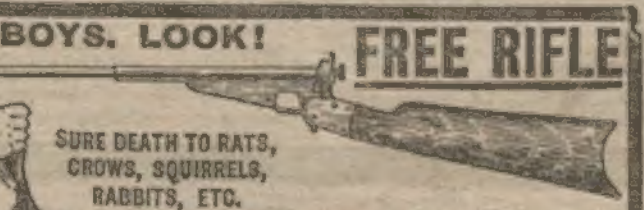
BEAUTIFUL PRESENTS FREE

GIRLS! We trust you with 10 large beautifully colored packages of Sweet Pea Seeds to sell for us at 10c. each. For your trouble we will give you a beautiful gold finished Opal Ring, also a Gold or Silver composition, full size curb chain Bracelet. Remember, you get both the Ring and Bracelet for selling only 10 packages. Everybody buys our Seeds. They are the easiest sellers ever handled. Mary Speeles, Moss Mills, Ont., said: "I no sooner opened my parcel than I had all the seeds sold. They went like wildfire." Write us a post card to-day and we will send you the seeds postpaid. A 50c. certificate free with each package. Dominion Seed Co., Dept 401 Toronto

VALUABLE RING AND GOLD WATCH FREE

All we ask you to do is to sell 10 of our large beautiful fast-selling packages of fresh Sweet Pea Seeds, the best in the world. (Every package contains over 60 of the rarest prettiest, most fragrant, largest flowering varieties in every imaginable color.) Sell them at 10c. each, return the money, and we will promptly send you this beautiful Ring, finished in 14k. Gold and set with large magnificent Pearls and sparkling imitation Diamonds that can hardly be told from the real stones. If you write at once for the Seeds we will give you an opportunity to get an elegant Gold-finished double Hunting Case Watch, Lady's or Gentleman's size, Free, in addition to the Ring. Address The Prize Seed Co., Dept. 411 Toronto, Ont

BOYS, LOOK! FREE RIFLE



SURE DEATH TO RATS, CROWS, SQUIRRELS, RABBITS, ETC.

Boys! How would you like to have an All-Steel Long-Distance Air Rifle of the best make and latest model, that shoots B. B. Shot, Slugs and Darts with terrific force and perfect accuracy? We are giving away Absolutely Free these splendid Rifles to anyone who will sell only 1½ doz. large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors, and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties, in every imaginable color. Everybody buys. M. Speeles, Moss Mills, Ont., said: "I no sooner opened my parcel than I had all the Seeds sold. They went like wildfire." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a post card to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. Boys, this is the best Air Gun made. It has all steel barrel and fittings, improved globe sights, pistol grip and walnut stock. Is always ready for Squirrels, Rats, Sparrows, etc. Geo. Allen, Brandon, Man., says: "I received my Rifle yesterday and think it is a beauty. I have shot 5 birds already." Dominion Seed Co., Dept. 428 Toronto.

This BIG BEATUY DOLL "The Princess" IS FREE

Just send us your name and address and we will mail you, postpaid, 15 large beautifully colored, fast selling packages of fresh Sweet Pea Seeds. Each package contains the finest mixture in the world, over 60 different varieties, all large flowering, deliciously fragrant, in endless combinations of beautiful colors. Sell them at 10c. each, return the money, and we will promptly send you the largest and most elegantly dressed Doll ever given away by any concern as a premium.

The Princess is a beauty with the prettiest face, long natural curls, completely dressed from head to foot with fancy picture hat, lace trimmed dress, slippers, stockings, underwear and a handsome Gold-finished Locket and Chain. The picture of Dolly does not do her justice, as it is not possible to show up her beauty and elegance in this illustration. However, to see her is to love her, and she is a a big beauty.

Understand, "The Princess" is not a cheap, stuffed rag affair so extensively advertised but a big Beauty Doll, elegantly dressed from top to toe.

CLARIBEL SPEURR, Vancouver, B.C., writes: "I received the beautiful Doll you sent me and am more than delighted with it and the other presents too. When I think what a little while it took me to sell the seeds I feel as if they were given to me without doing anything."

MARY GRENIER, Brighton, Ont., writes: "I am more than pleased with the Doll you sent me for selling Sweet Pea Seeds. It is a beauty. The other presents are nice, too, but that is the sweetest little Dollie I ever saw."

WINNIFRED PAYNE, Baddeck, C.B., writes: "I thank you ever so much for the beautiful Premiums you sent me. I have tried quite a few companies but you treated me best of all. The Doll is a big beauty, and the other presents are nice, too."

Extra Presents FREE

If you will write for the Seeds to-day, and will be prompt in selling them and returning the money, we will give you free, in addition to the "Princess" Doll, a beautiful Gold-finished Ring, any size, set with a large Fire Opal, also an opportunity to get the prettiest little Lady's Watch you ever saw. Remember, all you have to do is to sell only 15 packages of our fresh Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each.

Don't miss such a grand chance but write us now.

The Prize Seed Co., Dept. 453 Toronto

WE TRUST YOU

With 2 doz. large beautifully colored packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** to sell for us at **10c.** each. For your trouble we will give you a beautiful little Watch with Gold hands on which a large rose with buds and leaves is elegantly enamelled in seven colors. Elna Rotteman, Pewamon, Ont., says: "My watch is a perfect beauty." Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds prepaid. A 50c. Certificate free with each package. Gracie Brown, Cheverie N.S., said: "I sold all the Seeds in a few minutes." **THE DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT. 414 TORONTO, ONTARIO.**

GRAPHOPHONE AND WATCH FREE

We Trust You

Write to-day for 15 of our large, beautiful, fast-selling packages of Fresh Sweet Pea Seeds to sell at 10c. each. You can sell them easily in 10 minutes, return the money and we will promptly send you a fine, handsome Boy's Watch, latest model, open face, beautifully polished Solid Silver nickel case, milled edge, rich enamelled dial with Roman figures, fine blue steel hands, heavy crystal, Accurate American Movement, also the Wonder Phonograph and one Comic Record will be included free with the first 12 doz. watches sent out. We just have 12 doz. of these wonderful Phonographs which we bought in Germany at a greatly reduced price. Write us now and make sure of getting this extra Prize in addition to the Watch.

The Prize Seed Co., Dept. 456 Toronto.

EASY TO GET

This handsome 14k. Gold-finished open face Watch, new 1905 model, stem wind and set, beautifully engraved with latest fancy edge, enamelled dial, French bevelled crystal, hour, minute and seconds hands, and a fine adjusted nickel duplex movement, a splendid timekeeper and as fine a Watch as you ever saw—given away absolutely free for selling only 18 packages of fresh Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. They are the largest and the most beautiful packages ever sold for 10c. You can easily sell the whole eighteen in half an hour, and as soon as you send us the money we will send you this elegant Watch Free. Write to-day and we will send you the seeds. The Prize Seed Co., Dept. 404 Toronto

Handsome Presents EASILY EARNED

Just send us your name and address and we will mail you postpaid, 10 of our large fast-selling packages of Sweet Pea Seeds to sell at 10c. They are the finest in the world—the largest flowering, the most beautifully colored and the sweetest smelling. Everybody buys them. When sold, return the money, and for your trouble we will give you, free, a handsome Gold-finished Ring, set with large beautiful Pearls and perfect Imitation Diamonds that sparkle and glitter like real Diamonds, also an opportunity to get a beautiful little Lady's Watch, free, as an extra prize if you write to-day.

The Prize Seed Co., Dept. 431 Toronto

LADIES' ENAMELLED WATCH FREE

For selling at **10c.** each only 2 doz. large beautiful packages of Sweet Pea Seeds decorated in 12 colors and containing 42 of the most fragrant and large flowering varieties in every imaginable color. A 50c. certificate free with each package. Maggie Spees, Mono Mills, Ont., says: "I took the Seeds to school with me and sold them all in 10 minutes." This **dainty and reliable watch** has **gold hands, fancy dial,** stem wind and set, **jeweled movement,** and is **beautifully enamelled** with **roses** and **leaves** in natural colors. Della Shaw, Wiarton, Ont., says: "I am delighted with my watch. It is certainly very dainty. I did not expect anything half so pretty." Write us a **Post Card** for Seeds to-day. **THE PRIZE SEED CO., DEPT. 450 TORONTO, ONT.**

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE FREE

It plays every kind of Instrumental music, sings every class of songs, tells you all kinds of funny stories.

It Plays Itself

SEND NO MONEY. Just your name and address plainly written and we will mail you postpaid, 3 doz. large beautiful Packages of fresh Sweet Pea Seeds to sell at 10c. each. (A certificate worth 50c. free to each purchaser.) Every package is handsomely decorated in 12 colors and contains 61 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **They sell like hot cakes.** When sold, return the money and we will immediately send you this real Columbia Graphophone exactly as illustrated, with spring motor, large metal amplifying horn, all handsomely enamelled, gold trimmed and nickel plated, also one musical and one Song record—Hiawatha, Dixie Girl, Annie Laurie, Carry me back to Old Virginia, My Old Kentucky Home, Old Oaken Bucket, Sally in Our Alley, My Wild Irish Rose, Kathleen Mavourneen, Two going Back to Dixie, The Holy City, Home Sweet Home, etc., etc. Understand this is not a toy or a machine that must be turned by hand, but a real self playing Graphophone, with which you can give concerts in any size hall or room, as it sings, talks and plays, just as loud and clear as any $50.00 Talking Machine. Write for seeds to-day sure. **Prize Seed Co., Dept 409 Toronto**

GRAND FREE RIFLE OFFER TO BOYS

Shoots B.B. Shot or Darts and Kills Rats, Birds, etc., at a Distance of 50 Feet.

We have a large stock of *Glass Pens* which we want to clear out before spring. That is why we are making the *grandest offer ever made.* It is this: Any boy who will dispose of only 15 of our Glass Pens at 10c. each, we will give Free a genuine Steel Barrel Hunting or Target Rifle, latest model, all parts interchangeable, provided with pistol grip, true sights, harmless, strong, durable, shoots accurately. Boys have use for such a gun every minute—hunting in the woods, shooting at targets, drilling as soldiers. Send us your name and address to-day and we will mail you the 15 Glass Pens postpaid. You can easily sell them in 10 minutes. They are Wonderful Pens, made entirely of glass and write a page with one dip of ink. When sold return the money and we will promptly send you the Rifle just as described.

FREE GRAPHOPHONE OFFER

In order to further stimulate the sale of our Glass Pens we will as long as the stock lasts give a Graphophone and one Record Free to the first boy in every town and village who earns a Rifle. Write to-day and make sure of getting this Extra Prize. **THE PEN CO., DEPT 454 TORONTO, Ontario**

"THE WATCH IS A DANDY

FREE FREE FREE

And takes the shine wherever it goes." That is what Leo. C. Gavin, Melcombe, Ont., said about his watch, and we have hundreds of other letters from delighted boys who have received hands me watches for selling only 1½ doz. of our large beautiful packages of fresh **Sweet Pea Seeds**, the best in Canada, at **10c.** each. Every package is handsomely decorated in 12 colors and contains 61 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. Write to-day and we will send the Seeds, postpaid, for you to sell; also 1½ doz. *Certificates, each with 50c. one of which is to be given away free with each package.* When sold, return money and we will immediately send you one of the handsomest watches you ever saw—with solid silver nickel case, nicely engraved edge, decorated dial, heavy bevelled crystal hour, minute and seconds hands, and reliable American movement. With care it will **last 20 years.** Write to-day sure. **Seed Supply Co., Dept. 482 Toronto.**

THIS HANDSOME FUR SCARF

Lady's or Girl's Size

Will Be GIVEN FREE

To anyone who will sell only 20 of our

COOK BOOKS

At 10c each.

They are all beautifully printed, handsomely bound in very attractive covers, and each one contains **739 Choice Recipes.** Every housekeeper will be glad to buy one. They are fully worth 25c. and we have sold thousands of them at 15c each. At only 10c each you can sell the whole 20 in half an hour.

Send No Money

Simply drop us a card with your name and address, and we will mail the Cook Books postpaid. When sold return the money and we will promptly send you this beautiful Fur Scarf, made of rich, fluffy, black Coney fur, over 40 inches long, and 6 inches wide, with 6 large full length brush tails, and a handsome neck chain. The regular price in all fur stores is $3.00, and they fully equal in appearance any $10.00 Fur Scarf. The only reason we can give them away for so little is because we bought the last of a manufacturer's stock at a greatly reduced price. This is a grand chance for any origri lady to get a handsome stylish fur for the rest of the Winter and next winter as well, without spending one cent.

Address, **THE MAXWELL CO.,**

Dept. 429, Toronto.

Boys and Girls Get This FREE

SINGS
TALKS
LAUGHS
PLAYS
WHISTLES
IMITATES

This is an Honest Business Proposition to Boys & Girls who want to earn a real **Graphophone** by giving us one hour of their time. It is not a "fake" for we do just what we say, and will give $100.00 to any person who can prove to the contrary. It is not a toy instrument run by a crank, but a genuine clock work Graphophone that plays all the latest songs and music equal in tone to any $50.00 machine made. All you have to do is to send us your name and address and we will mail you postpaid 3 doz. of our large, beautiful, fast-selling packages of fresh Sweet Pea Seeds to sell at 10c. each. They are the largest packages ever sold for 10c. and each one contains the finest mixture in the world, **Over 60** different varieties, all large, flowering, sweet smelling, beautifully colored. When sold, return the money and we will promptly send you this full size **real Self-Playing Graphophone.** It is a handsome instrument, strong, well made and fit for any parlor. It has a full size aluminum reproducer, in every respect the same as those furnished on the highest priced Graphophones, and as a detached part sells for $5.00. The speed regulator, governor springs and bearings are exactly the same as in $50.00 machines. With every Graphophone we give free one Musical and one Song Record, your choice from hundreds of selections including Bluebell, Hiawatha, Bedella, Always in the Way, Evening Chimes in the Mountains, Old Black Joe, Farmyard Medley (with farmyard and animal imitations), Who Threw the Overalls in Mrs Murphy's Chowder, Japanese War March, Band Selection, The Bugler's Dream, Banjo Solos, etc. We know every boy and girl will be delighted with this Graphophone. You can entertain your family and friends and make lots of money giving concerts. Write to-day. Address The Dominion Seed Co., Dept. 495 Toronto

TOOT! TOOT! TOOT!

FREE Steam Engine

Boys! Look Here. A real Steam Engine and Boiler **Free.** Powerful, smooth running, easy to operate. Has safety valve, whistle, steam dome, stationary cylinder, piston cross head connecting rod, and crank shaft with fly wheel attached. A perfect engine, given for selling at 10c. each only 1 doz. large beautiful, fast-selling packages of fresh Sweet Pea Seeds, the best in the world. Every package contains **over 60** of the rarest, prettiest, most fragrant, largest flowering varieties in every imaginable color. They sell like hot cakes. Boys, this is the biggest Engine ever given away. Write to-day and be the first to sell our Seeds. **THE DOMINION SEED CO. Dept. 413 Toronto**

14K GOLD WATCH FREE

Send us your name and address on a Post Card and we will mail you post-paid 2 doz. large, beautiful packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds,** to sell for us at 10c. a package. **(A Certificate worth 50c. free to each purchaser.)** Every package is handsomely decorated in 12 colors, and contains 61 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. When sold return the money and we will immediately send you this elegant Watch, with heavy Gold laid, beautifully engraved case, handsome dial, dust proof, adjusted to position, patent escapement, and highly finished throughout. The movement is an American style, stem wind and set, expansion balance, quick train, and you can rely upon it to keep good time. W. Cottingham, Red Deer, Alta., writes: "I am very much pleased with my watch and would not take $5.00 for it." Boys, don't wait, but send us your name and address to-day. You can easily sell the Sweet Pea Packages in half an hour as they are the largest, the best, and the most beautiful ever sold for 10c. **The Seed Supply Co., Dept. 418 Toronto.**

EARN THIS WATCH.

With polished silver nickel open face case, the back elaborately engraved, fancy milled edge, heavy bevelled crystal and reliable American movement, by selling only 18 Glass Pens at 10c each. These wonderful Pens sell like hot cakes everywhere. They are made entirely of glass, never rust, never wear out and write a page with one dip of ink. Write us to-day and we will mail the Pens postpaid. THE PEN CO. Dept. 455, Toronto.

WE TRUST YOU

We trust you with 10 large packages of fresh Sweet Pea Seeds to sell at 10c. each. They are so large, so beautiful and so cheap that everybody buys. When sold, return the money, and for your trouble we will promptly send you one of these magnificent Diamond Rings, finished in 14k. Gold, and set with large, glittering, imitation Diamonds, so full of fire and so perfectly cut as to puzzle even experts. No other Company ever gave away such valuable Presents for so little. Write to-day, sure, for the Seeds. **THE DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT 470 TORONTO**

SEND NO MONEY

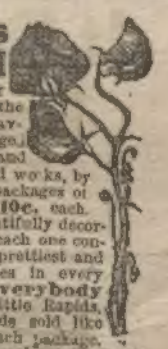
If You want this Beautiful WATCH and RING

All you have to do is to sell only 7 of our large, beautifully bound 25c. Canadian Home Cook Books at 10c. each. Each one contains 739 Choice Recipes. Every lady will buy one as soon as she sees them. When sold, return the money and we will promptly send you a lovely Gold finished Pearl and Diamond Ring, any size. The stones are so beautifully colored, so brilliant and sparkling that they can hardly be told from the real gems. Write for the Cook Books to-day and we will give you an opportunity to get a handsome 14K. Gold finished, beautifully engraved Watch, Lady's or Gent's size free as an extra Prize. **THE MAXWELL CO., Department 461 Toronto.**

FREE STEAM ENGINE

Makes 300 Revolutions in a minute. Easy running, swift and powerful. Strongly made of steel and brass, handsomely nickel plated. Has belt wheel, steam whistle and safety valve, iron stand, brass boiler and steam chest, steel piston rod and Russian iron burner compartments. Boys! this big, powerful Steam Engine is free to you for selling only 9 large, beautifully colored packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at **10c.** each. **Everybody buys them.** Roy Rutler, Wilsonville, Ont., said: "I sold the seeds in a few minutes. People said they were fine." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. Order now, as we have only a limited quantity of these special Engines on hand. Arnold Wiseman, Kirkton, Ont., said: "My Engine is a beauty and a grand premium for so little work. **PRIZE SEED CO., Dept. 415 Toronto**

Earn This WATCH



With polished silver nickel open face case, the back elaborately engraved, fancy milled edge, heavy bevelled crystal and keyless Wind, imported works, by selling only 18 large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys.** Percy Bell, Little Rapids, Ont., said: "The seeds sold like wildfire." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. Don't delay. Edward Gilbert, Petrolea, Ont., says: "I received my watch in good condition. It is a daisy and I am very much pleased with it." **THE DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT. 455, TORONTO, Ont.**

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